The background of the entire image is a marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, repeating design of wavy, horizontal lines in shades of yellow, orange, and black. The pattern is slightly irregular, giving it a hand-marbled appearance. The marbled paper is framed by a dark red border on the left and top edges.

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Henry T. Warrens, Arch^t

St. John's Church, Mansfield, Nottingham

Lapdous St. Road, St. London

A VISIT
TO
SHERWOOD FOREST:

INCLUDING THE ABBEYS OF

Newstead, Rufford and Welbeck;

CLUMBER, ANNESLEY,

THORESBY, AND HARDWICK HALLS;

BOLSOVER CASTLE; MANSFIELD,

AND OTHER

INTERESTING PLACES IN THE LOCALITY.

BY J. CARTER.

WITH A

Critical Essay on the Life and Times of Robin Hood.

NEW EDITION, ENLARGED.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS;

MANSFIELD: T. W. CLARKE.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Author cannot allow a new edition of his "Visit to Sherwood" to be published without expressing his gratification at the manner in which his efforts to guide the visitor through the mazes of dear Old Sherwood have been appreciated by his indulgent friends.

The present edition has undergone a careful revision, and additional matter has been added, which, he trusts, will render his little work still more *useful* than the former edition.

A sad and painful change has taken place at Newstead since this edition went to press. COLONEL WILDMAN, —the friend and school-fellow of Byron,—the gallant soldier, —the upright magistrate,—the perfect gentleman,—is no more. He was a type of Nature's true nobility, and at his death,—which took place on the 20th of September, 1859,—Society lost one of her best ornaments, and Masonry

one of her most distinguished and generous brethren, the Colonel having held the office of P. G. M. for thirty-five years. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Mansfield.

The thanks of both Author and Publisher are due, and most gladly given to Mr. Murray, for his kind permission to use the valuable Critical Notes of Dr. Waagen.*

March, 1860.



* Treasures of Art in Great Britain. By Dr. Waagen. Being an Account of the Chief Collections of Paintings, Sculpture, Manuscripts, Miniatures, &c., &c., in this country. Obtained from Personal Inspection during Visits to England. 3 Vols. 8vo.

Galleries and Cabinets of Art in England. By Dr. Waagen. Being an Account of more than Forty Collections, visited in 1854-56, and never before described. With Index. 8vo.

A VISIT TO SHERWOOD FOREST.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR ———

You do well to remind me that I have not yet supplied you with my promised description of the visit I recently made to that most ancient of all the towns on the confines of the forest of “merrie Shirewood,” known by the name of Mansfield, or as it was, centuries ago, more quaintly termed, “Mannysfeld in Shirewood in ye County of Nottingham.”

My remembrances of this place and its neighbourhood are of the pleasantest kind; and you will not wonder, if you consider the character of the district to which I was introduced, teeming as it does with wild and picturesque scenery, mouldering ruins, stately baronial mansions, and noble remnants of the grandeur of bye-gone ages.

I was not idle, my friend, for as I wandered over the classic locality of Sherwood’s once mighty forest, and was led on from place to place, each invested with the charm of historic association or legendary interest, I jotted down such memoranda as would assist in my promised narrative.

Would that I could infuse into my narrative some portion of the enthusiasm with which I pondered over the time-hallowed and glorious scenes around me, and felt in imagination carried back to the days of our first Richards, Henrys, and Edwards, almost fancying that I could hear the huntsman’s exciting shout, or the boisterous mirth and jovial songs of those heroes of our childhood, “bold Robin Hood and his merrie men!”

Ah! you may smile at these foolish fancies, but you know they are themes upon which I love to dwell; for whatever this utilitarian age may say to the contrary, there is a charm about the character and exploits of that wonderful outlaw, and in the customs and habits of our ancestors when under Norman sway, the remembrance of which is well calculated to cause a thrill of delight in an English heart, and to recall vividly the romantic faith and impressions of our boyhood.

Before taking you amid the more interesting scenes of the forest, I must enter upon a hasty sketch of the present state and early history of the town of Mansfield itself, which is now situate on the border, and was formerly in the very bosom of the forest of "Shirewood," and may be with justice termed the capital of that ancient royalty.

Leland, in narrating his "visit to Sherwood," says:—"Soone after I entered within a mile or less into the very thick of the woody forest of Shirewood, where is great game of deer, and so I rode a five miles in the very woody ground of the forest, and so to a little pore street or thoroughfare at the end of this wood. More inland is Shirewood, which some render the *Clear* others the *Famous* Forest, anciently thick set with trees, whose entangled branches were so twisted together that they hardly left room for a single person to pass. At present it is much thinner, but still breeds an infinite number of deer and stags with lofty antlers, and has some towns, among which Mansfield claims the pre-eminence, a market town of good resort, whose name some bring in to confirm the claim of the German family of *Mansfield* to antiquity, asserting that the first Earl of Mansfield whom they fetch from hence was one of King Arthur's Round Table."

The town is, as you are aware, in the North division of Nottinghamshire, and one part of its extensive parish abuts upon the Scarsdale Hundred of North Derbyshire. The river Man, or Maun (from whence it really derives its name) flows along the southern and eastern sides of the town, which is so completely surrounded by a beautiful range of undulating hills, that, approach it as you will, it has an air of *coziness* and comfort, calculated to create a very favourable impression upon the mind of a stranger; nor is this impression destroyed by entering the place, which, instead of being as some

remember it, a dull, dirty, miserable hole, is now a well-lighted, well-paved, pleasing little town, with a market place and public buildings, calculated to throw those of more important places sadly into the shade. Thanks to the public spirit of the inhabitants, and to the provisions of an Act of Parliament, passed, I think, in 1823, called the "Mansfield Improvement Act," this spacious and elegant market place is graced by its noble town hall, savings bank, and a host of newly-erected shops, where once stood a ponderous mass of such old dilapidated buildings as would have disgraced the meanest village.

Mansfield was evidently a place of some importance prior even to the Norman Conquest, for it is stated to have been a favourite hunting seat of the Kings of Mercia. Be this as it may, it is quite certain that Edward the Confessor possessed a manor here "which paid Dane Geld or Tax for three Carucates* and six Bovates.†" "The Land being nine Plough Lands.‡" And it is also certain that under the Conqueror there were some nice little pickings here; to wit, "Two Carucates then in demesne, &c., one Mill, one Piscary, and a Wood two miles long and two miles broad." There were then two churches and two priests, "and the Towns of Schegby and Sutton were Hamlets of this great Manor, the Soke§ whereof extended into Warsop, Clune, Carberton, Clumber, Buteby, Turesby, Thorpe, Scoteby, Rounton, Odenstow, Grymeston, Echeriug, Raneby, Bodmescill, &c. It had likewise Soke in Wardbeck Wapentake."

In 1238 (23rd of King Henry the Third) the King granted to Henry de Hastings and his wife Ada, the manor of Mansfield with all which pertained to it.

It is stated as a strange fatality connected with this noble and ancient family that no child *ever saw its father!* the parent, in every instance, dying before the birth of the next

* *Carucate* (from carue a plough) a plough land, or as much land as may be tilled in a year by one plough.

† *Bovata Terræ*. As much land as an ox can till, or about twenty-eight acres.

‡ *Plough land*, (ancient law term,) a certain quantity of arable land, near a hundred acres.

§ *Soke* (Saxon *socnea*). The territory in which the chief lord exercised his liberty of keeping courts within his own territory of jurisdiction.

heir; and the last of the line, John Lord Hastings Earl of Pembroke, was accidentally killed when a very young man whilst learning to joust.

In 1329, (3rd of Edward the third), Queen Isabella, the King's mother, whilst residing at Nottingham castle claimed to be Lady of the Manor of Mansfield with the whole liberty thereto belonging; but this claim was opposed with partial success by Anthony Beck, the then Dean of Lincoln, who claimed that he had divers tenants there, and that he and all his predecessors used to have assize of bread and ale.

In the 35th of Edward the third, say A.D. 1362, Richard de la Vache, Kt., is called Lord of Mansfield, and held the manor from the King during life. He had also rent of assize of freeholders £17 13s. 4d., and two water mills worth £8 yearly in the town, one in Mansfield Woodhouse, and another in Sutton, members of the manor of Mansfield.

In the 11th of Henry the sixth, (1432), "The Jury find that Alianora, who had been wife of Sir Nicholas Dagworth, Knight, had and held, the day on which she died, the manors of Mansfield and Lyndeby, in Shirewood, for the term of her life, by grant of Henry, late King of England, Grandfather of the present King, the reversion belonging to the said King. And they say that the aforesaid Manor and Lordship of Mansfield extend themselves into the divers Towns and Hamlets following, to wit,—Mansfield, Mansfield Woodhouse, Sutton, Warsop, Scofton, Newton, Budby, Hokenall, Clombre, Nettleworth, Rodmerthwayt, Morhawe, Le Hill, Hotwayt, and Hayam de Fulwood."

"And they say that at Mansfield there is not any Manor house built, but there is there a site, and that £33 rent is received as well by the hands of divers tenants of the aforesaid Towns and Hamlets as for other rents of divers tenants belonging to the same Manor. And that there are within the precincts of the same Manor divers Woods, to wit,—Lyndhurst, and Dalworth, and the out woods thereof. And there are there three mills, and there is a Court there holden yearly, from three weeks to three weeks, and that the Leet or view of Frankpledge is holden there twice yearly, and there is a certain Fair there," &c.

It appears that on the demise of the before-named Lady Alianora Dagworth, the King (Henry 6th) granted the manor

to his brother Edmund, Earl of Richmond, and Jasper, Earl of Pembroke.

This ancient and extensive copyhold manor is one of the nature called "Gavelkind;" and from a presentment made in the first year of King Edward the First, it appears that the tenants, or, as they are now called, copyholders, hold their property subject to the following customs, viz.:—

"The tenants of our Lord the King of Mansfield be free of blood, and lawfully may marry them after their wills, as well Men as Women.

"Also that as soon as Children be born and christened, be they Males or Females, are of lawful age to have their inheritance.

"Also that none of the tenants of this manor, Males or Females, may give, sell, or in any wise alien his tenements that he holdeth of the King before they be fifteen years old full, that the gift and sale may be fast and stable for ever.

"Also that every wife of this Manor ought to be endowed of half the Tenements of which her husband had been siezed as of fee at the time of their wedding or afterwards.

"Also that if any tenant of this Manor purchase any tenements to him and to his wife and their heirs, and in full court take jointly estate thereof, though they have heirs between them or not, after the death of the husband, the wife the said Tenements all her life shall hold in peace, after custom of the Manor; and after the death of the said wife whoso she be, the aforesaid Tenements to the heirs of the aforesaid husband shall fully revert.

"Also that all male children be heirs alike after the father and mother's decease by equal portions, and if males lack, all the Tenements shall be departible between the female children."

I was much interested by a perusal of an ancient copy of the instructions for doing homage to the Lord, bearing date so far back as 1324; and as they are somewhat curious and convey a vivid picture of the vassalage which then pervaded the length and breadth of our land, you will, I am sure, excuse my troubling you with a copy of the humiliating nonsense!

"When a freeman shall do his *homage* to his Lord, he shall hold his hands together, and shall say this, 'I become your man for this day forth of life or limb, and of worldly worship

and faith to you shall bear for the tenements that I hold of you saving the faith that I owe unto our Lord the King.'

"When a freeman shall do *fealty* to his Lord he shall hold his right hand upon the book, and say this, 'Hear ye, my Lord, that I shall to you be true and loyal, and faith to you shall bear of life and limb and of earthly honour, and truly to you shall do the service and customs that I owe to do for the tenements that I hold of you, and at the terms assigned. So help me God.'

"When a *bondman* shall do his fealty to his Lord, he shall hold his right hand upon a book, and shall say thus, 'This hear ye, my Lord, that I from this day forth shall be true and loyal and justifiable of my body and chattels. So help me God.'"

But enough of these dry details; suffice it to say, that the manor, after being tossed about by royal favour from one lord to another—(on one occasion given by Henry the eighth to Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who had his residence at Worksop manor, for his great victory over the Scots at Flodden Field)—it came by descent into the hands of the present noble owner, His Grace the Duke of Portland.

Several of the Norman kings used to frequent this place, in consequence, no doubt, of the facilities it afforded them for enjoying the sports of the chase, both wolves and deer being found in great plenty for centuries subsequent to the Norman Conquest. In consequence of these repeated royal visits many privileges were granted from time to time to the "men of Mansfield," bearing reference chiefly to grants of fairs, markets, and most important rights connected with the forest adjoining. King John built a palace near this town, of which more anon; and it is a singular fact, that one Gamelbere, an old Saxon knight, was allowed by William the Conqueror to retain two carucates of land at Cuckney, for the service of shoeing the King's palfrey, "as oft as he should lie at Mansfield;" and according to an old inquisition, Sir Henry de Faulconberge held the manor of Cuckney by the same tenure.*

THE PARISH CHURCH

of Mansfield is dedicated to St. Peter, or as some authorities surmise, to St. Peter and St. Paul. The figures upon the

*See Letter on Welbeck Abbey.

ancient corporate seal (see page 10) would lead rather to the latter conclusion. It is uncertain when it was first erected—probably soon after the Norman Conquest; but it is stated to have been nearly destroyed by fire so early as the year of grace 1304, and was shortly afterwards restored in a manner worthy of that period. It has, however, since undergone so many alterations and repairs that in the present structure it would puzzle you to detect one solitary specimen of the original; the lower part of the tower, now covered with stucco, is undoubtedly the oldest, if we except a small but very interesting remnant of the Norman zig-zag ornament which is still to be seen near the vestry door, in the south chancel aisle. The spire is ill proportioned, being evidently stunted in its growth. Two hideous modern porches protrude on the south side, and with windows of every imaginable size, shape, and style—some with mullions, some without—you have a *tout ensemble* of ecclesiastical architecture now happily seldom to be met with. The interior has once been good, having some rather pretty and well-proportioned specimens of the lofty-pointed arch; but, alas for the depraved taste of the last century, there is scarcely a column in the sacred edifice but has been rudely divested either of its well-moulded capital or some other of its fair proportions, in order to make room for a lot of galleries, or those still more unsightly religious luxuries called pews! It contains north and south aisles, with a spacious nave and chancel; and in a gallery at the west end stands an elegant and tolerably well-toned organ, which was purchased by subscription in 1755.

There were formerly ten chantries attached to this church, the lands whereof were given by Queen Mary, in fee to Christopher Granger, Clerk, the vicar, and William Wylde and John Chambers, the churchwardens of the parish, by the name of the Governors of the Lands and Possessions of the Parish Church of Mansfield (24th February, 4th and 5th Philip and Mary) to sustain one chaplain or priest.

The living, a vicarage, is valued in the King's books at £7 7s. 6d.—present value (including the above named chaplaincy) about £700 a year, now and for many years past enjoyed by the Rev. Thomas Leeson Cursham, D.C.L.; patron, the Bishop of Lincoln; His Grace the Duke of Portland being lay impropriator and lessee of the great tithes.

Prior to the Reformation the windows presented some fine specimens of stained glass, including the armorial bearings of the Pierreponts, D'Arceys, Farrars, and other families of distinction, who had been identified with the town, as benefactors or residents; but, alas, the destroying hand of time, or the still more ruthless one of puritanical violence, has swept these memorials away, without even a vestige remaining. A few years since, however, the five centre compartments of the chancel window were, through the liberality of two private individuals, adorned with good specimens of painted glass, after early English models, by a young artist named Gough, of Nottingham.

Neither can I give you any better account of the monuments, tablets, and crosses which you would naturally look for in a church of such antiquity; for they, if ever they existed, have shared the same fate as the windows, save and except that *hid behind a pew* in the south aisle lies recumbent a stone effigy, popularly considered as the monument of that pious and charitable benefactress to the town, Dame Cicely Flogan, who flourished in the days of Henry the eighth, and who, in the exuberance of her kindness, left *inter alia* an estate to the town, subject to the support of a bull and a boar, to be kept for the gratuitous use of the inhabitants for ever; but which, as proved by the peculiar costume, is, in fact, the effigy of a youth of the time of Edward the fourth, and probably the son of some liberal benefactor to the church or its chantries.

The Cartwrights, of Ossington, from whom sprung the celebrated politician, Major Cartwright, formerly considered this their family burial place, and here repose the remains of Captain, or as he was more generally called, *Labrador* Cartwright, brother to the Major, and whose habits and eccentricities are frequently the theme of conversation among those of the "old standards" of the town who knew him, and who still remember his hawking on the forest.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

Dedicated to St. John the Baptist, was consecrated by the Bishop of Lincoln, on the 29th July, 1856. The late Gally Knight, Esq., impressed by the want of church accommo-

dition in Mansfield, left a bequest of £6,000 to be applied to the erection of a second church, to contain at least 500 *free* sittings. In order to have a building of larger dimensions, the parishioners contributed a further sum of £1,000, and the result was the raising of this sacred edifice, capable of accommodating 1,000 worshippers. I should also add that His Grace the Duke of Portland presented an additional £1,000 to be applied by the Bishop, who is the patron, towards building the parsonage house, or for any purpose he deemed best.

The edifice is of the style called Early Decorated, and consists of a nave, two aisles, chancel, tower and spire, and a small porch on the south side. It is built externally of the stone for which the neighbourhood is so famous; the interior being cased throughout with Ancaster stone. It is fitted throughout with open stained deal benches. The dimensions of the building are as follows:—The nave ninety-two feet six inches in length within the walls, and the width, including the aisles, fifty-nine feet six inches; the chancel thirty-five feet by twenty-two feet. The tower, which is about sixteen feet square, is eighty feet in height; the spire about a hundred feet. The architect selected by the bishop was Mr. Stevens of Derby, on whom the building reflects the highest possible credit. The entire cost, including the site, was £8,734. Two stained glass windows are worthy of notice, one to the memory of Mrs. Moffatt, and the other (the east side window) to the late James Greenhalgh, Esq., the loss of whom was deeply felt by all who knew him, he being ever ready to promote the welfare and social improvement of the people.

LETTER II.

THE ROYAL FREE GRAMMAR
SCHOOL.

ON the south side of the parish church, and within the precincts of the church yard, stands the Free Grammar School, a poor wretched-looking edifice, not at all adequate, in my humble judgment, to the wants of a town of ten thousand inhabitants; and I cannot forbear expressing a hope *en passant* that the trustees will ere long take up arms against the sea of troubles which encompasses them, and out of the splendid endowment erect a school and school-house commensurate with the "spirit of the age," and worthy in every respect of the name and intentions of its noble founder, the "Good Queen Bess."

For many years this institution was of little or no advantage to the inhabitants; but it is now conducted with becoming energy and attention by the two masters, the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., and Mr. Espin.

The management of the school estates was untillately vested in



the hands of the vicar and churchwardens, who, as before stated, were constituted a corporate body for possession of *church* lands by Philip and Mary, and were also, singular enough, again constituted a corporation by Elizabeth for possession of *school* lands. Both these estates have, in consequence of mismanagement and ignorance, become so intermixed as not to be

distinguished; consequently only one corporate seal is now used, of which, as a curiosity I send you a pretty wax impression.

By a recent decree of the Court of Chancery the above estates are vested in new trustees, who, having a new scheme for their guide, will, it is to be hoped, place the charities on such a footing as will prove a lasting benefit to the town.

There are other schools in the town, namely, "Clerkson's Charity," founded by Faith Clerkson, in 1731, for the clothing and education of poor boys and girls belonging to the parish. This charity has long been of inestimable benefit to the poor; and the trustees have recently erected a spacious school-house near the railway station, to enable them still further to increase the utility of the foundation.

I understand that lately (1859) His Grace the Duke of Portland has granted £500 and a site for infant and Sunday schools for the parish church, and the sum of £1,000 towards national schools in St. John's district, provided other subscriptions can be raised to complete them.

Thompson's School is a neat unpretending little structure, founded by a charitable individual of that name, for the education of poor boys and girls. It is situate in a back street, known as Toot Hill Lane, so called from the Dutch word "Tuteu," to blow a horn, it being the place where the "natives" used to place a night-watch to blow a horn for the purpose of preventing the nocturnal depredations of those then very amiable "Sherwood Rangers," the wolves.

The founder of this charity has attained considerable celebrity in and near Mansfield, not only by the deeds of mercy with which he adorned the latter part of his chequered and remarkable life, but also from the singularity of directing that his remains should be interred, not in the burial place of his family, but beneath the wild heather of his native forest! His reason for so singular an injunction (which was fulfilled) is said to be this: Being one of the survivors of the disastrous earthquake at Lisbon, in 1755, of which he published an account in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* of that date, he was on his return home so struck with the similarity of the situation and prospect to that of the hill where he had escaped after the sudden earthquake, and from which he witnessed the succeeding awful fire, and the destruction of much of his own property, that by a whimsical fancy he resolved to be here buried.

A pleasant morning's walk brought me within the hallowed

precincts of "Thompson's Grave." A group of trees, encircled by a plain stone wall, denotes the spot; but

"No Sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
Or storied urns record who rests below."

The prospect from this interesting spot is extremely beautiful and varied. With a background of venerable trees on the right hand, and before you the wide expanse of forest, displaying its changing carpet of brown and purple heath and golden-crested gorse; a foreground consisting of the rich foliage of Birkland's noble oaks, flanked by the red walls and roofs of the village of Edwinstowe, and the grey spire of its venerable church, calm and graceful in the rays of the setting sun; bordered in the distance by the richly-wooded rising ground, which is still surmounted by the distant hills of Yorkshire, and that part of Lincolnshire where stands the noblest of English minsters; whilst on the other side may be seen the church of Sutton-in-Ashfield; and the lofty turrets of Hardwick Hall, rising majestically above the woodland scenery with which they are surrounded, complete a landscape, which, of its kind, is, I think, unequalled.

A few short paces from this elevated and lovely scene and you are within the sylvan precincts of the

BERRY HILL ESTATE,

the residence of Sir Edward S. Walker. Sir Edward is a real lover of agriculture, and a first-rate farmer, as the well-arranged buildings, the splendid cattle sheds, the well-bred stock, and the neat fences which meet the eye demonstrate; he is also a liberal patron of the fine arts, and hence the choice selection of pictures, &c., in his possession, which I now enumerate, *viz.* :—

In the Drawing Room.—Virgin and Child, by Jordaens (No. 22); Ostade, his own portrait (No. 67); Flemish Musicians, by Teniers (No. 74); Interior of a Corps de Garde, by Le Duc (No. 111); A Sea View on the Coast of Holland, stated as from the gallery of Mr. Vandergucht. (No. 187). The above five pictures were purchased at Fonthill Abbey; the numbers refer to the printed catalogue

of the sale. Two Landscapes, with Figures, by Zuccarelli; Two Groups of Figures, by Angelica Kauffmann; Interior of Amsterdam Cathedral, by Emanuel de Witte; Virgin and Lamb, by Agnese Dolci; Virgin and Child, copy from Leonardo da Vinci, an enamel, by Bone.

Dining Room.—Boar Hunt, by Snyders; Winter Scene, by Molyn; Sea Piece, with Market People Landing, by De Maone; Fruit, by Walscapellen; An Interior, with Dutch Boors, from the Marquess of Lansdowne's collection, by Cornelius de Bega; Dutch Peasants Skating, by Van der Meulen; Italian Fair, from the collection of Lucien Bonaparte, by Karl du Jardin; Domestic Fowls, by Hondekoeter; The Grecian Daughter, by Reubens; Sea View, Morning, by Vandervelde; Forest Scenery, by Barker; Cottage ditto, by ditto; Landscape, with Military Figures, by Verschuring; Virgin and Child, from Sir Wm. Stanley's sale, by Francesco Camillo; Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath, from Sir W. Stanley's sale, by Guercino; Lady in full Costume, by Gerard Terburg; Hermit, by Spagnoletto; Murder of the Innocents, by ditto; Moonlight, with Eruption of Vesuvius, by Wright, of Derby; Alexander introducing Campaspe to Apelles, by Andrea Casali, from the Wanstead sale; Diana and Actæon, by Corregio; Marble Group, by Hancock; Youth and Joy, Starting on the Pilgrimage of Life, so light-hearted and buoyant that they tread on the flowers without bruising them.

A short and picturesque walk from Berry Hill brings the visitor to the Lindhurst Farm of the Duke of Portland, with its elegantly-built villa residence, now and for many years past in the occupation of Richard Godson Millns, Esq., who, from his costly outlay in first-rate steam-power, has set an example to the surrounding farmers, which they would do well to follow.

Hard by this "generous retreat," will be found not only the mansion called Fountain Dale, (see letter iv.), but also the celebrated Blidworth Stone, which is colossal in its dimensions, and from its peculiar and picturesque situation is popularly considered as a Druidical remain. It appears to be a kind of natural concrete of gravel and sand; and it is not for me to even so much as to conjecture either its origin or use.

From hence the visitor will naturally ramble into the village of Blidworth, which, for commanding situation and scenery, stands unrivalled in this locality. The church, to use a hacknied phrase, is "a neat structure," with tower and three bells; and was considerably enlarged in 1839. It has now the additional attraction of a beautiful stained-glass window on the north side: subject—"The Nativity." Underneath is the following inscription:

"To the memory of John and Mary Need, by their affectionate son, S. W. Welfitt."

As I have no wish to fatigue you with particulars of all the charming and attractive features of my sylvan ramble, I will now give you a brief account of some of the public buildings in the town. To begin, then, with

THE RAILWAY STATION

Standing upon a portion of what has long been termed the Portland Wharf, which was, until lately, the terminus of the Mansfield and Pinxton Railway, but now of the Nottingham and Mansfield Branch of the Midland Railway. It is situate within a shorter distance of the Market-place than any station with which I am acquainted. This makes the inhabitants the more to regret that their turn of locomotive accommodation did not arrive in the high and palmy days of railway speculation, when "thousands" were lavished upon all kinds of cunning and useless devices in architecture. Well, indeed, it would have been had the company on all occasions exercised the same rigid economy which has directed their operations here; and, though not inclined to be censorious, it must be confessed that this plain brick building contrasts by no means harmoniously with the strong bold fronts of stone around.

From the platform you command a view of a picturesque, though not extensive, landscape, including the High Oakham Estate of His Grace the Duke of Portland, and an undulating graceful range of hills, to which I shall have occasion again to allude; and in the centre of a ploughed field, on the summit of this range, stands the ruin of a square strong building, celebrated as having been erected by a certain nervous gentleman as an ark of safety from a virulent fever, which in the last century raged in Mansfield; scarcely, however, had him-

self and family removed to this new residence, when they fell victims to the destroying hand from which they had so timidly, and as they thought securely, fled. The habitation has since been known by the appropriate name of the "Folly House."

To the right as you enter the station stands Broom House, an elegant and I believe well-managed private asylum, or retreat, as it is more generally called.

THE TOWN HALL

May be considered the next building of interest; and it is precisely that kind of bold, spacious, and noble building of which any moderate-sized town would have just cause to be proud. There is an excellent news-room and library connected with it; and the well-proportioned front contains one of the best assembly rooms within miles of the place. From a neat turret shines forth the illuminated façade of a public clock, liberally provided by the company of spirited shareholders, who, in 1836, advanced the "needful" for the erection of this handsome building, and the adjoining market-house; but who, by the bye, have hitherto received a very miserable return for their enterprize.

The architect, who so satisfactorily justified the confidence of his employers, was Mr. James Nicholson, of Southwell, assisted, I believe, by his son, Mr. W. Nicholson, of Lincoln.

Alterations have been recently completed providing a commodious Corn Exchange.

Almost adjoining the Town Hall stands a very pretty little savings bank, well adapted to the wants of the district, and at the corner of West Gate may be seen

THE MOOT HALL,

With its handsome pediment or armorial sculpture. This building was erected in 1752, by the Countess of Oxford, then Lady of the Manor, and maternal ancestor of the present noble Lord, the Duke of Portland, as a place wherein to transact the business of the manor. It has also long been used for the nomination and *belting*, as farmers call it, of "Knights of the Shire."

The building was originally supported upon massive stone

columns, the space underneath the hall being left open for the use of the market people: but it was many years ago converted into shops and private residences.

THE PUBLIC BATHS,

Situate in Littleworth, were erected by Mr. C. Lindley, in 1854, at a cost of £1,500, under the superintendence of Mr. C. J. Neale, architect. They comprise hot and cold and swimming baths, and are well frequented.

THE CEMETERY,

Which occupies a space of about ten acres, with about 10,376 grave spaces, given to the town by the Commoners at the time of the Inclosure, was opened in December, 1857. Mr. Lindley has the merit of being the builder, from designs by Messrs. Pritchett and Sons. The entire cost of erecting the chapels, &c., and laying out the grounds, was £3,600. The latter are most tastefully laid out and planted with trees and shrubs, adding a new grace to the natural features of this beautiful spot.

“HOME OF THE DEAD! the last abiding place
Of earthly greatness—intellectual grace—
Of youthful loveliness—of moral worth;
Of human frailty too;—the same cold earth
Doth form your narrow bed; and the same sod
Shall cover ye, till summoned to your God!”

On the summit of the hill is erected a substantial and handsome mausoleum, by Sir E. S. Walker. A committee have the control of the cemetery, and suffer nothing savouring of bad taste to appear in the designs and mortuary inscriptions.

LETTER III.

THE BENTINCK MEMORIAL,

a charming Gothic structure, of which I inclose a neat sketch, was erected by public subscription in the year 1851, in

the Market-place, to the memory of the lamented Lord George Bentinck, and bears the following inscription :—

“To the memory of Lord George Frederic Cavendish Bentinck, second surviving son of William Henry Cavendish Scott fourth Duke of Portland. He died the 21st day of September, An. Dom. MDCCCXLVIII, in the forty-seventh year of his age. His ardent patriotism and uncompromising honesty were only equalled by the persevering zeal and extraordinary talents which called forth the grateful homage of those who, in erecting this memorial, pay a heart-felt tribute to exertions which prematurely brought to the grave one who might long have lived the pride of this his native country.”

The very beautiful design is by Mr. T. C. Hine, of Nottingham, the architect, and the

erection of it was committed to the care of Mr. Lindley, of this place. It is an exquisite structure in itself, and a fit



tribute to the indomitable courage and energetic eloquence of him who stood so boldly forward, and so ably combatted what he deeply felt to be changes fraught with hazard to the prosperity of his country.

His premature death might truly cause his many friends to say—

“’Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,
And help’d to plant the wound that laid thee low :
So the struck eagle, stretch’d upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View’d his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing’d the shaft that quivered in his heart ;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel,
He nursed the pinion which impell’d the steel ;
While the same plumage that had warm’d his nest,
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast.”

The natural productions of Mansfield, consist of two kinds of stone—red and white—used for building purposes and held in high estimation for their beauty and durability ; an excellent limestone ; a clay suitable for making bricks and the coarser kinds of earthenware ; and a singular deposit of fine micaceous red sand, of widely known value to ironfounders for producing the finer castings. This sand is found in one of the hills to which I directed your attention from the railway station platform, and the quarry is worked in an enterprising manner by Messrs. Barringer and Carter.

Connected with the trade or commerce of the town, are the various and extensive Mills stationed at intervals along the industrious River Man, and of which the firm of Messrs. Richard Greenhalgh and Sons possesses three, employing nearly 500 hands in doubling cotton yarns for the lace trade of Nottingham, Buckingham, Belgium, and Calais, as well as for the ribbon manufacture of Coventry, and the Orleans and Merino cloth of Bradford, &c.

The number of spindles in these three mills, is about 30,000. At their Field Mill is a large water-wheel of forty feet in diameter, weighing seventy tons, which, with the conducting water courses at two different levels, cut out of the hard limestone rock, form a fine specimen of engineering skill and enterprise, and was completed at the cost of £2,300.

I cannot help mentioning to the honor of this firm, the praiseworthy sympathy they manifest for the whole well-being

and social improvement of their work people, and I heartily wish them a continuance of the prosperity they so well deserve.

The Doubling Mills of Mr. Walliss, on the Nottingham Road, will also amply repay a visit.

The Steam Saw Mills of Mr. Lindley, the eminent builder ; the New Works of his son, Mr. Robert Lindley ; the extensive Iron Foundry of Mr. Midworth ; the Sherwood Foundry of Messrs. Tindall and Maude ; the Meadow Foundry of Messrs. Bradshaw and Sansom ; and that of Mr. Kirkland ; and the well-arranged and admirably conducted Brewery, belonging to the Mansfield Brewery Company, situate in Littleworth ; as also the Tobacco Manufactory of Mr. Bownes ; and the extensive Mustard Mills of Mr. David Cooper Barringer, widely known as the "Rock Valley Mills," are all establishments of importance and interest.

The town is also much engaged in the manufacture of silk and cotton hosiery, with which, in fact, it has been identified from a very early period ; and many are the tales now told of the terrors and prevalence of that system of Luddism which prevailed to such a fearful extent some forty years ago. Previous to that time some of the first houses in the trade "took in" at Mansfield. Mr. Orton is now the principal hosier in the place, and possesses a superior kind of machinery, especially for "silk knotts." I now give you a list of the eminent

LITERARY MEN

whom this town has produced, and then, for the present, farewell Mansfield,—in whose grey substantial walls I have experienced much hospitality, and received much delight, and of which I shall then have given, with all humility be it spoken, perhaps a more accurate account, though short, than any I could refer you to, yet so ample are the materials for a work of no little value, that at some future time I may endeavour, if not anticipated, to weave them into a *complete history* of the many striking and interesting events connected with its past and present existence, and in such an undertaking I have the promise of most able assistance.

First, is William de Mannesfield, a Dominican Friar, who in the thirteenth century was held in considerable repute for his learning.

Next we have Henry Ridley, M.D., who was born here in

1653, and is celebrated as the author of several important medical works.

Dr. William Chappel,—a learned prelate, was born of poor parents, and educated partly at the Grammar School here, and partly at Christ's College, Cambridge, of which he was elected fellow. He disputed with King James when that pedantic monarch visited Oxford in 1624, and as may reasonably be imagined, foiled his Majesty, who was afterwards pleased to remark that "he was glad that the doctor was his subject and not another's lest he should lose the *throne* as well as the *chair*." In 1638 he was appointed Bishop of Cork, but the Irish Puritans persecuted him with great severity as "popishly inclined," though it is remarkable that when he was at Cambridge the high Churchmen took him to be a Puritan. Having left Ireland, he died at Derby in 1649, and was buried at the village of Bilsthorpe, near Mansfield. The year before his death, this pious divine printed "*Methodus Concionandi*," which was translated into English soon after. He is supposed by many to have been the author of that celebrated work the "*Whole Duty of Man*."

Last, and not least in local estimation, comes Robert Dodsley, the eminent bookseller and author. An amiable and accomplished man, whose memory will ever be esteemed as a remarkable example of genius, springing up and advancing to usefulness and honour amidst unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Mansfield, in the year 1703, of poor parents, and though his father was then master of the Grammar School, he does not appear to have had the inclination or the power to give his son a liberal education, as the subject of this short memoir frequently alluded to in his writings and in after life.

He was apprenticed to a stocking weaver, but feeling a dislike to that employment, he induced his master to cancel his indentures, and succeeded, after some adversities, in obtaining the situation of footman in the establishment of the Honorable Mrs. Lowther. His first attempt as an author took place during the time he was in this lady's service, when he published, by subscription, a volume of poems, called the "*Muse in Livery*," which, although, perhaps, destitute of any great merit, served to attract both public attention and favor.

He now entered the service of Mr. Dartineuf, a noted voluptuary, and one of the intimate friends of Pope, and here wrote

an elegant little dramatic satire, entitled the "Toy Shop," a just and good natured rebuke on fashionable absurdities. The merits of this performance attracted the notice of Mr. Pope, who continued from that time to be his warm friend and zealous patron, and by his influence the piece was performed at Covent Garden Theatre, in the year 1735, with very great applause. Dodsley was now enabled by his profits as an author to set up a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, where the same prudence and worth which gained him esteem in his former condition, now secured for himself and his establishment the countenance of many of the first literary persons of the day, including Pope, Lyttleton, Chesterfield, Johnson, and Glover, and also many persons of rank, and he shortly became of very high standing in the Metropolis. Proceeding at the same time in his career as an author, he wrote the farce called the "King and Miller of Mansfield," founded on an old ballad, and referring to scenes with which he had been familiar in his early life. This succeeded so well that he produced a sequel to it, entitled "Sir John Cockle at Court."

In 1741, he brought out a musical piece, called "The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green," and in 1744, animated by a spirit of adventure uncommon in his own time, he published a collection of plays, by old authors, in twelve volumes. In 1745 he tried to introduce on the stage a new species of pantomime in "Rex et Pontifex."

In 1748 appeared a loyal masque in honor of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. His next work was the well-known "Economy of Human Life," in which the social duties are treated in a style intended to resemble the scriptures and other oriental writings.

Another of the more valuable works projected by Dodsley, was the "Preceptor," first published in 1749, and designed to embrace what was then thought a complete course of education. In 1758, he ventured to rise to tragedy and composed "Cleone," which although spoken unfavourably of by Garrick, long drew full audiences at Covent Garden, and was highly admired by Johnson, annexed to this tragedy is an ode, entitled "Melpomene; or the Regions of Terror and Pity." A selection of fables, in prose, accompanied by a well-written essay of fable, was one of his latest productions. Besides the above, he published a collection of his own works

under the modest title of "Trifles," in one volume, octavo, and "Public Virtue" a poem, in quarto; also a "Collection of Poems by Different Hands," in six volumes, 12mo. He also had the discernment to see the merit, and usher into notice, two works of certainly rather opposite character—"Tristram Shandy" and "Young's Night Thoughts." For the first, a publisher at York, to whom it was previously offered by Sterne, refused to give £30!

Never forgetting the place of his birth, he thus exclaims in one of his poems:—

"O native Sherwood! happy now thy bard,
Might these his rural notes, to future time,
Boast of tall groves, that nodding o'er thy plain
Rose to their tuneful melody. But ah!
Beneath the feeble efforts of a muse,
Untutored by the lore of Greece or Rome,
A stranger to the fair Castalian springs,
Whence happier poets inspiration draw,
And the sweet magic of persuasive song,
The weak presumption, the fond hope expires."

After a life spent in the exercise of every social duty, and retaining the love and admiration of men of the brightest abilities and highest rank, he fell a martyr to the gout, at the house of his friend, Mr. Spence, at Durham, and was interred in the abbey church-yard, where his tomb is thus inscribed:—

If you have any respect
for uncommon Industry and Merit
regard this place,
in which are deposited the Remains of
Mr. ROBERT DODSLEY:
who, as an Author, raised himself
much above what could have been expected
from one in his rank of life,
and without a learned education:
and who, as a Man, was scarce
exceeded by any in Integrity of Heart,
and Purity of Manners and Conversation.
He left this life for a better, Sept. 25, 1764.
in the 61st year of his age.

If this is but a barren list of *literary* men, it may be well eked out by those who, for the value of their

INVENTIONS,

ought to be eminent, but who have suffered the too common fate of genius, in seeing others of more plodding habits make splendid fortunes upon the foundation of their discoveries, while themselves sink into comparative obscurity.

The Circular Saw was invented here, by Joseph Murray, who worked as a wood and iron turner, at the Rock Valley mills, under the late Mr. John Brown. The very first that was produced of this now important instrument was lately in possession of an intelligent old man, who kept it as a choice curiosity. It is made out of plain iron plate, measures four inches in diameter, and dates as near "sixty years since" as makes no matter.

This same Murray was son of the old servant of that name who is celebrated as being the faithful and favourite "Old Joe Murray" of Lord Byron.

A fellow-workman of Murray's, named Joseph Tootel, was the inventor of the fluted or grooved rollers used in cotton spinning, and now known by the name of "Stretchers."

Two other inventions of great consequence to the cotton trade were made by the late John Green, a native, and respectable ironmonger of Mansfield. These are the *inclined plane movement* of the spindle, and the *cone movement*, both used in the process of spinning.

No better proof of the value of the above inventions can be given than the fact that none of them have yet been superseded, even by the inventive genius of the present age!

LETTER IV.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

My former letter having been rather more prolix than you may think the merits of its subject deserve, I will endeavour to make amends by now leaving the comparatively insipid records of a market town, for the consideration of one of the most interesting places in the kingdom, whether regarded as the ancestral and fondly loved domain of a mighty poet, immortalized by his repeated and ardent apostrophes in its praise and to its memory; or from its being in itself, in the words of Washington Irving, "one of the finest specimens in existence of those quaint and romantic piles, half castle, half convent, which remain as monuments of the olden times of England. It stands, too, in the midst of a legendary neighbourhood, being in the heart of Sherwood forest, and surrounded by the haunts of Robin Hood and his band of out-laws, so famous in ancient ballad and nursery tale!"

It was a fine autumnal morning that I sallied from my pleasant quarters at Mansfield upon this long-anticipated pilgrimage, and, after a walk for about four miles upon the Nottingham turnpike road, mostly bounded by extensive woods, occasionally relieved by heathery glades and patches of cultivation, and passing within a few score yards a place of no less celebrity than Fountain Dale, once the abode of the "Saint Militant" Friar Tuck,* I arrived at an inn called the "Hut," lately re-built in old English style, and which stands by the road side but a few yards from the entrance of Newstead Park, for the accommodation of the numerous parties who arrive to visit the abbey.

Immediately in front of the park gates stands a magnificent oak tree, a remnant of the old forest, and which was pre-

*See Appendix.

served from destruction by the liberality and good taste of several gentlemen of Mansfield, who purchased it of the poet's grand-uncle and immediate predecessor, William, fifth, or as he is called "the wicked" Lord Byron, in order to prevent its sharing the fate which he, from pecuniary, or too probably malignant, motives, ruthlessly dealt out to hundreds of its noble and majestic brethren. The growth of this tree, as if conscious of its importance, has been so supremely beautiful both as regards shape, and the extent of its spreading branches, that it cannot fail to call forth admiration.

Leaving the Hut and turnpike road, the way leads through the wilder portion of the park for about a mile, when, as though by enchantment, a most glorious scene bursts upon the view. On the right hand lay a splendid sheet of water, fringed with young woods that bow their whispering homage o'er the margin.

"Her great bright eye all silently
Up to the sky was cast,"

reflecting all the depth and brightness of the tranquil heavens; aquatic wild birds studded the silvery surface, as though they had a "vested interest" in the place, and possessed a "protection order," against all molestation! A romantic waterfall, and the ruins of a rustic mill, together with the gentle murmuring of the foaming falls, added to the richly-wooded country around, served to complete a picture upon which memory, so long as "she holds her seat, will love to dwell."

Turning to the left the venerable abbey rises in solemn grandeur, the long and lovely ivy clinging fondly to the rich tracery of a former age. You, in whom the poetic temperament is strong, would, I know, pardon any expressions of enthusiasm that I might indulge in, but such feelings have been so often and so well "done," that I leave you only to conceive what every man must feel as he gazes for the first time upon these walls, and remembers that it was here, even amid the comparative ruins of a building once dedicated to the sacred cause of religion and her twin-sister charity, that the genius of Byron was first developed—here that he paced with youthful melancholy the halls of his illustrious ancestors, and trod the sombre walks of the long banished monks—feeling, as he expressed—

"Newstead! fast falling, once resplendent dome!
 Religious shrine! repentant Henry's* pride!
 Of Warriors, Monks, and Danes, the cloistered tomb,
 Whose pensive shades around thy ruins glide.
 Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in the fall
 Than modern mansions in their pillar'd state;
 Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,
 Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate."

Newstead abbey was founded by Henry the second, in or about the year 1170, as a priory of Black Canons, an order having for their tutelary patron St. Augustine, and professing great austerity of life and practice. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and there is still situate in a conspicuous niche of the chapel ruins, a sculptured virgin and child, which, with many other specimens of early English sculpture, is still in a beautiful state of preservation. It continued to be a priory of some importance until the time of Henry the eighth, who, in his zeal for the temporal welfare of himself, and to the consternation of the then "religious world," set about the wholesale destruction of the monastic institutions of the country. Newstead, whose revenues were then valued at £219. 18s. 8d. was too choice a morsel to be overlooked, and it consequently fell a victim to the monarch's cupidity and sacrilege, and those venerable doors which had for centuries been open for the reception of the poor, the sick, and the way-worn, became closed to their prayers and cries.

Being granted by the same royal favor to Sir John Byron, who at that time held the distinguished and important appointment of Lieutenant of the Forest of Sherwood, it was most likely held by him as an official residence, at all events he converted it into one of more than ordinary splendour. During the troubles which marked the history of the great rebellion, which ended in the martyrdom of the unfortunate and pious King Charles the first, the Byrons distinguished themselves as warm adherents of royalty, and Newstead bravely sustained a siege from the Parliamentarians, thus, as Lord Byron sings—

"The abbey once, a regal fortress now,
 Encircled by insulting rebel powers;
 War's dread machines o'erhang thy threatening brow,
 And dart destruction in sulphureous showers."

*Henry the second founded Newstead immediately after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

The "roundheads" were not the men either to forgive or forget, and therefore on the death of Charles, the Byron estates, including Newstead, were placed under sequestration, in company with a host of other delinquents' estates.

During the civil war in 1643, Charles the first marked his high sense of Sir John Byron's loyalty and devotion by raising him to the peerage, and immediately after the restoration, Charles the second restored the sequestrated estates to their former owner, from whom they passed by descent to the late Lord Byron, who sold the abbey and estate (consisting of nearly 4000 acres) in 1815, to T. Clawton, Esq., for £140,000, who was unable to make good the purchase.

The present esteemed owner, Colonel Wildman, purchased them in 1818 of Lord Byron, for about £100,000, and has since, by his judicious alterations and improvements, proved himself a most worthy owner of a place at once the pride of the forest, and the admiration of thousands, who have, by his courtesy, been permitted to traverse its spacious galleries and venerable halls.

Not only has the gallant Colonel laid out immense sums in its restoration and adornment, and the increase of its ornamental grounds, but he has re-built nearly every farm house upon the estate.

At one time the park was of immense extent, containing no less than 2700 head of deer, who could browse in uninterrupted seclusion beneath the shades of the broad-spreading oaks, for which this part of the forest was renowned, but the hand which destroyed the noble timber of the estate, was influenced also by the same motives to deal death and destruction amongst these graceful creatures, and that to such an extent, that the carcasses were for a length of time exposed for sale in Mansfield market, as commonly, and at as cheap a rate as forest mutton, until the whole of the noble herd was literally exterminated.

The upper lake is formed by obstructing the waters of a small river, Leen, a work probably of almost equal antiquity with the abbey itself. It was the old mill dam of the Monks, by which their corn mill was worked, and it possesses as many traditions and fables as every other part of this romance-haunted valley.

These chiefly relate to the treasures which are supposed to

lie in its depths, and to the pranks of the "wicked" old lord, who, by the way, built the mimic fortifications on each side, a poor compensation for the destruction of the ancient timber which then surrounded it. The present rising woods were in excellent taste, planted by the late Lord Byron.

A large brazen eagle and pedestal of antique workmanship, was some years ago fished up from the bottom of the lake, and which, on being cleaned, was found to contain in the hollow pedestal a number of parchment deeds and grants, bearing the seals of Edward the third, and Henry the eighth, which had, no doubt, been thus sunk by the Friars, for safety in some perilous time.

One of the deeds thus discovered, with the great seal of England attached, is erroneously described by Washington Irving as an "Indulgence," or plenary pardon, for all crimes the Friars might choose to commit, &c., when in fact it has nothing whatever of this character, and did not emanate from the Pope or Church of Rome at all; but when Henry the fifth required money for the prosecution of his wars in France, Chicheley, then Archbishop of Canterbury, agreed to find it by making all the monasteries and religious houses which had been impeached in the previous reign before the council at Oxford, purchase (according to their means) a *general pardon*. The document in question is one of these pardons.

They are all carefully treasured by Colonel Wildman, and the eagle has been transferred to Southwell minster, where, in the chancel, it fulfils the slightly diverted purpose of being used as a lectern, or stand for a folio Bible, instead of supporting its former burden—the missal.

Before visiting the interior of the abbey, it is well to enjoy a walk through the pretty grounds, which have, during the past few years been tastefully arranged and enlarged by Colonel Wildman. A gently winding path, which commands a fine view of the lower lake, leads to an aviary, in which are some beautiful specimens of the gold and silver pheasant, and after passing a rusticated Swiss cottage, on the way to the kitchen gardens, my guide, the intelligent old gardener, with his well-known civility, invited me into his dwelling, to exhibit a bottle of port wine, which belonged to a former Lord Byron, and now more than a hundred years of age! Of course the crust and colour too have almost disappeared. Having passed

the kitchen gardens, which are well laid out and ornamented with neat fountains, I was next attracted by a dismal looking pond, enshrouded by some aged and venerable yews, probably as ancient as the very abbey itself, and beneath the shade of whose "melancholy boughs," the early occupants have doubtless oft reclined. At the head of this pond is a cold, crystal spring, which, I suppose, if these holy men are not much libelled, must have afforded them more pure water than they required. It was certainly used and much esteemed by Lord Byron.

The dark woods in which are two leaden statues of Pan and a female Satyr, very fine specimens as works of art, are next worthy of attention, chiefly because a tree is shown whereon Byron once carved his own name and that of his sister, with the date, all of which are still legible. Lest this interesting specimen of his lordship's "hours of idleness" should fall a victim to that love of destruction to which we English are prone, the Colonel has very properly ordered that no one shall be allowed to go near the place without a guide. The very current story of a lady (?) having cut out and carried away one or two letters of the name is pure fiction.

These woods were planted by the "wicked" Lord Byron before his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth, and before the indulgence of his wayward passions had brought him to the condition of a solitary, morose and savage misanthrope.

The statues used to be called by the country people the old lord's devils, and the wood in which they stand the devil's wood.

After crossing an interesting and picturesque part of the gardens, I arrived within the precincts of the ancient chapel, near to which stands the neat marble monument, raised by Lord Byron, to denote the last resting-place of his favourite dog, whose death he thus announced to his friend Hodgson.

"Boatswain is dead! he died in a state of madness on the 18th, after suffering much, yet retaining all the gentleness of his nature to the last, never attempting to do the least injury to any one near him."

You are aware that it was upon the death of this favourite dog that the exquisite lines beginning

"When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth," &c.

were written. In addition to this epitaph, the monument bears the following inscription :

“Near this spot
are deposited the remains of one
who possessed beauty without vanity,
strength without insolence,
courage without ferocity,
and all the virtues of man without his vices.
This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery,
if inscribed over human ashes,
is but a just tribute to the memory of
BOATSWAIN, a dog,
who was born at Newfoundland, May, 1803,
and died at Newstead abbey, November 18, 1808.”

By a will which his lordship executed in 1811, he directed that his own body should be buried in a vault in the garden, near his faithful dog. This feeling of affection to his dumb and faithful follower, commendable in itself, seems here to have been carried beyond the bounds of reason and propriety.

The next point of attraction in these gardens is the oak tree which the poet himself planted. It has now attained a goodly size, considering the slow growth of the oak, and bids fair to become a lasting memento of the noble bard, and to be a shrine to which thousands of pilgrims will resort in future ages to do homage to his mighty genius. He planted it on his first arrival at Newstead, in 1798, and ever after displayed the greatest regard for its prosperity, actuated, it is said, by an impression or fancy, that as the tree flourished so should he ; “as it fares,” said he, “so will fare my fortunes.” When he again visited the abbey, in 1807, he found his pet tree choked up with weeds and almost destroyed, which circumstance called forth those charming lines—

“Young oak, when I planted thee deep in the ground,
I hoped that thy days would be longer than mine ;
That thy dark waving branches would flourish around
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle entwine,” &c.

In a note to Murray’s edition of his works, it is stated that shortly after Colonel Wildman took possession, he one day noticed this tree, and said to the servant who was with him, “here is a fine young oak, but it must be cut down, as it grows in an improper place.” “I hope not, sir,” replied the

man ;” “ for it is the one that my lord was so fond of, because he set it himself.” Since that time the Colonel and all around have taken every possible care of it ; and strangers inquire for it as the “ Byron oak,” so that it promises to share in after times the celebrity of Shakspeare’s mulberry, and Pope’s willow.

As space will not permit me to give you particulars of

THE INTERIOR,

“ Full of long, sounding corridors it was,
That over-vaunted, grateful gloom,
Thro’ which the live-long day my soul did pass,
Well-pleased, from room to room.”

I must refer you to the little hand-book thereof, called the “ Home and Grave of Byron,” which contains some interesting particulars, not only of Newstead Abbey, but also of Annesley Hall and the neighbourhood.

With this reference, I finish my pleasing, but too imperfectly executed, task of describing Newstead. To do it *full* justice would indeed require an able hand. Even Washington Irving, with all his pleasant gossiping powers, has not wholly succeeded. In the pages of her poet alone, we find the truest notes to the feeling this subject engenders harmoniously struck, and, when pursuing my way to Annesley, I turned to take a parting look at the venerable abbey, some beautiful lines which Mr. Galt sent to one of the magazines as original, came forcibly to my mind, and as they are not, I believe, in any edition of Byron’s works, I cannot end better than by writing them out for your perusal too.

“ In the dome of my Sires as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o’er its desolate walls ;
It shines from afar like the glories of old,
It gilds, but it warms not—’tis dazzling but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days ;
’Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays,
When the stars are on high, and the dew on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o’er echoes the grey floor of stone,
Falls sullenly now, for ’tis only my own ;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblets, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and re-call
 The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
 And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
 And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And their's was the wealth and the fulness of fame,
 And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
 And their's were the times and the triumphs of yore,
 And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
 Too hoary to fade, and too massive to fall;
 It tells not of Time's or the tempest's decay,
 But the wreck of the line that has held it in sway."

ANNESLEY.

After a picturesque walk through a country, every footstep of which is more or less associated with the name of Byron, I entered the wild and park-like domain of Annesley, which, with its numerous ridings, was founded by Patricius Viscount Chaworth, of Armagh, which is contiguous to the Newstead estates, and about two miles distant from the abbey. In the distance, the eye rests upon the interesting range of hills so famous by the poet's—

"Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,
 Where my thoughtless childhood strayed;
 How the northern tempests warring,
 Howl above the tufted shade.

Now no more the hours beguiling,
 Former favorite haunts I see;
 Now no more my Mary smiling,
 Makes ye seem a heaven to me."

One, the most conspicuous of these wood-crowned heights, is more particularly interesting, from its being the scene of his parting with Miss Chaworth (previous to her marriage with a rival); a farewell, as he then thought, for ever, to her

—————"who was his life,
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
 Which terminated all."

In the "Dream," the place and most heart-stirring incident are thus vividly remembered:—

"I saw two beings in the hues of youth
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
 Green and of mild declivity, the last
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
 But a most living landscape, and the wave
 Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
 Arising from such rustic roofs ;—the hill
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees in circular array, so fix'd,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man :
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were there,
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her ;
 And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood ;
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
 There was but one beloved face on earth,
 And that was shining on him."

THE HALL

is a mansion of great antiquity, and of a most *patchwork* style of architecture. So early as the Norman Conquest it is mentioned as of the fee of Ralph Fitz Herbert ; and it was afterwards possessed by the Annesleys for many generations, from whom it descended, by marriage to the Chaworths of Wiverton, whose last representative by name, the ladye-love of Lord Byron, married John Musters, Esq., August, 1805.

Close to the hall stands a venerable little church, approached from it by a shrubbery, and almost connected with it by a venerable ivy-mantled terrace. A number of broad-spreading trees shelter the sacred edifice, and shed a solemn quietude over the silent tombs.

The interior of the hall is rambling and irregular, like its outward appearance ; but the whole is invested by Byron with charms that no modern mansion can boast.

In the "Dream" I have before quoted from, he says :

"There was an ancient mansion, and before
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd :
 Within an antique oratory stood

The boy of whom I speak; * *
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * * * *
 * * * * he passed
 From out the massy gate of that old hall,
 And mounting on his steed, he went his way,
 And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more."

From this time, until the recent restorations and improvements effected by the present proprietor, John Chaworth Musters, Esq., the "antique oratory" had been a perfect and disgraceful ruin; and chilling desolation reigned through the old hall of the Chaworths, in consequence of the death of Mr. Musters. Every choice memento of "the bright morning star of Annesley," and her long line of ancestors, every article of furniture, antique china, paintings, &c., were "scattered to the four winds" by that most relentless of all dispersers, the auctioneer's hammer.

The hall has been so thoroughly restored, and the grounds and the entire estate have been so re-arranged and improved as to make it one of the most attractive seats in the neighbourhood.

LINBY,

which bears evidence from the monastic ruins still to be found of having some centuries ago been a place of religious importance, probably connected either with the priory of Newstead, or the one at Lenton, near Nottingham. A may-pole still adorns this "village green;" and at the north and south ends of the village stand two venerable crosses. The one at the north end, from its exquisite workmanship and fair proportions, may be considered as fine a specimen of the village cross as can be met with in almost any part of England. The neat little church, dedicated to St. Michael (and which contains some ancient monuments of the Chaworth family) adds much to the appearance of this rural spot, of which Washington Irving says, "the moss-grown cottages, the lowly mansions of grey stone, the gothic crosses at each end of the village, and the tall may-pole in the centre, transport us in imagination to former centuries."

Pursuing my walk a mile further, I arrived at

HUCKNALL CHURCH,

which has for ages been the last resting-place of the Byron family, and where repose the ashes of the poet, marked only by a neat marble slab, bearing the following inscription : —

“In the vault beneath
 where many of his ancestors and his mother are buried,
 lie the remains of
 GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,
 Lord Byron, of Rochdale,
 in the County of Lancaster,
 the author of ‘Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage.’
 He was born in London, on the
 22nd of January, 1788;
 He died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the
 19th of April, 1824,
 engaged in the glorious attempt to restore that
 country to her ancient freedom and renown.
 His sister, the Honorable
 AUGUSTA MARY LEIGH,
 placed this Tablet to his memory.

This last home of the poet is much frequented; and the Album kept for visitors bears evidence of the heartfelt emotions of many a pilgrim to his tomb. How appropriate, for instance, are the following lines, composed by William Howitt, immediately after the interment :—

“Rest in thy tomb, young heir of glory, rest !
 Rest in thy rustic tomb, which thou shalt make
 A spot of light upon thy country’s breast,
 Known, honoured, haunted ever for thy sake.
 Thither romantic pilgrims shall betake
 Themselves from distant lands.—When we are still
 In centuries of sleep, thy fame shall wake,
 And thy great memory with deep feelings fill
 These scenes which thou hast trod, and hallow every hill.”

On the 27th of November, 1852, the daughter of the noble bard departed this life. At her express wish, her remains were deposited along side those of her beloved sire, who had so frequently poured forth his fond affection for her in language such as Byron alone could give utterance to.

“My daughter, with thy name this song began ;
 My daughter, with thy name this much shall end !
 I see thee not, I hear thee not ; but none
 Can be so wrapt in thee.—Thou art the friend
 To whom the shadows of far years extend.
 My voice shall with thy future visions blend,
 And reach into thy heart when mine is cold—
 A token and a tune even from thy father’s mould.”

As is generally known, this accomplished lady married Lord King, afterwards created Earl of Lovelace, a connection by which, singular enough, the lineage of John Locke became blended with that of Byron.

The funeral took place on Friday, December 3rd, 1852. The coffin was covered with rich puce silk velvet, the handles and other ornaments being of frosted silver. On the upper panel were two raised shields, on one of which was emblazoned the family crest, and on the other was engraved the following inscription :—

“The Right Honourable Augusta Ada,
 Wife of William, Earl of Lovelace,
 and only daughter of
 George Gordon Noel Lord Byron,
 born 10th December, 1815,
 died 27th November, 1852.”

During the temporary opening of the vault for this melancholy and, perhaps, last addition to its silent occupants, vast numbers of visitors were permitted to take a glance of a spot which will be celebrated, long as our language shall endure, as containing the ashes of one of the greatest poets

“That ever graced the tide of time.”

And where, as Edward Hind beautifully says,

“Within their death-appointed goal,
 The sire and daughter silent lie,
 While seasons over seasons roll,
 And men are born and nations die,
 Beneath the all-embracing sky,
 Thus lowly sink the tomb of fame,
 While through revolving centuries fly,
 The echoes of his deathless name.”

Turning now homewards, I found I had crowded too much into my day’s purpose, for still on the way objects of interest

rise before the traveller rapidly as if by command of a magician's wand. Of these Robin Hood's hills, near Kirkby, deserve, from their picturesque appearance, a passing notice.

Kirkby Hardwick, too, ought not to be forgotten, formerly a monastery connected with Newstead abbey, or, perhaps, the neighbouring priory of Felley. This ancient mansion was bestowed upon George, Earl of Shrewsbury, by King Henry the eighth, and is noticed by Leland, who calls it Hardwick-upon-Line. It is now the residence of Edmund Hodgkinson, Esq., to whose liberality and taste the venerable mansion is indebted for many recent improvements.

Here Cardinal Wolsey, the once powerful favourite of a tyrant monarch, passed a night, wearied and heart-broken, immediately before his death at Leicester.

A little nearer Mansfield, and a pleasing view of Sutton Hall and Works is obtained, and the beautiful sheet of water, about seventy acres, called the King's Mill Reservoir, which was made by the late Duke of Portland some twenty years ago, as an auxiliary to that extensive system of irrigation, which for years occupied his Grace's attention, and of which I shall give you further particulars shortly. The waters of this reservoir cover the once romantic dingle where stood the antique water mill and cottage, which are said to have been the scene of the humorous rencontre between King John and the redoubtable Sir John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, and which was dramatized by Dodsley with so much success.

Near this spot a vase of coins was found, in 1848, by the workmen employed in making the railway.

LETTER V.

HARDWICK HALL.

“What! is not this my place of strength,” she said;
“My spacious mansion, built for me,
Whereof the strong foundation-stones were laid
Since my first memory.”

It is hardly to be expected that one neighbourhood can offer other scenes so interesting as those associated with Byron’s “strange eventful history;” scenes that ever acquire a growing charm as the lapse of years softens the errors of the man, and confirms the genius of the poet. It is time indeed that his enemies were content to say, “after life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well,” and no more with narrow criticism try to bare the abysmal deeps of his great personality.

Leaving, then, abbey and poet, with all their recollections, accompany me to hall and park and castle,

“Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.”

And first upon the list is the noble building with the title of which I have headed this letter.

Hardwick Hall is little more than six miles to the north-west of Mansfield, and one of the seats of that princely noble, the Duke of Devonshire.

It is a substantial stone building, in pure Elizabethan style, and stands upon elevated table land, near the eastern borders of the county, from whence there is a fine view of the long chain of romantic hills bordering upon the Peak of Derbyshire. The park, with its herds of deer, numerous fish ponds, stately oaks, and richly-wooded scenery, presents many attractive features.

The present hall was built by the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, and was finished in the year 1587. It is of an oblong form, studded with antique windows, and having six square towers of commanding proportions, rising at intervals, sternly, but with great majesty, above the rest of the building, which is ornamented with neatly-carved open-work battlements, adorned here and there with the noble lady's initials, "E. S.," surmounted by a coronet. The principal front is about 390 feet in extent. A spacious quadrangular court—now converted into a formal flower garden—surrounds this entrance, and gives an excellent effect to the approach. The walled yard or paddock near, with its really magnificent range of stables, will excite the admiration of visitors; for they give a most exalted idea of the state of hospitality which could require offices so extensive. Gay and busy and exciting scenes must they have been which these court yards were wont to witness in the profuse and hospitable times of the extraordinary woman by whose liberality they were erected.

A short distance from the entrance stand the noble ruins of what is termed the "old hall," only upheld from yielding to the first winter's blast by most gigantic and luxuriant ivy, which clings with the vigour and affection of oft renewed youth to the smitten remnants of her dismantled turrets, and where—

"Few ages since, and wild echoes awoke
In thy sweeping dome and panelling oak;
Thy seats were filled with a princely band,
Rulers of men and lords of the land;
Loudly they raved and gaily they laugh'd,
O'er the golden chalice and sparkling draught,
And the glittering board and gem studded plume,
Proclaim'd thee a monarch's revelling room."

I find no satisfactory account of the time when this venerable mansion was built, but certain it is, that it was a place of great beauty and importance during the reign of Henry the eighth; and it was here that John Hardwicke died, in the 19th year of that burly monarch's reign.

In 1203, King John transferred the Hardwick estate to Andrew Beauchamp, and it passed in 1258 to William de Steynesby, who held it by the annual surrender of *three pounds of cinnamon and one of pepper!* John de Steynesby,

grandson of the above, died possessed of it in 1330. Soon afterwards the family of de Hardwicke were established here, and possessed the estate for six generations.

One majestic room is now all that remains (except the outer and lower walls) of that once beautiful residence, the old hall. It measures sixty feet six inches, by thirty feet six inches, and is twenty-four feet six inches high, and has long been considered a model of most elegant proportions; indeed, to use the words of an old writer, "the old house has one room in it of such exact proportions, and such convenient lights, that it was thought fit for a pattern of measure and contrivance to the most noble at Blenheim." This room, which is called the "Giant's Chamber," from two colossal figures standing there, still bears evidence of having been finished in a superb style. In the north-east end was a large library, containing a pair of globes, then very valuable.

This part of the brave old mansion was pulled down when the grand stables at Chatsworth were built.

The noble stable court,—perhaps few its equal,—the extensive park, that portion of the present park which lies to the west and south of the house, with its fish-ponds, paddocks, &c., all evince that the father of the Countess, John Hardwicke, Esq., enjoyed a plentiful estate, and its convenient accompaniments.

Dr. White Kennet, in speaking of this residence says, "the old hall is where the Countess was born. Before part of it was demolished, it was a large house, and contained, perhaps, thirty rooms capable to be made lodging rooms, besides lower rooms for business." "It was built at three different times; the middle part is the oldest, the west or south-west end the second built, the north-east end the third building."

As the name of the Countess of Shrewsbury is so intimately connected with the history of this district, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to give a brief memoir of her life, so here it is.

Elizabeth, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, was, as previously stated, the daughter of John Hardwicke, Esq., and of Elizabeth, the daughter of Thomas Leake, Esq., of Hasland, in the county of Derby. She was born in the year 1521; and when scarcely fourteen years of age, she married Robert Barley, Esq., of Barley, in the county of Derby, a

young gentleman of large estates, all of which he settled absolutely upon his young wife, and therefore by his death, which happened shortly afterwards, without issue, she came into possession of a valuable addition to her ancestral property.

After remaining a widow about twelve years, she married Sir William Cavendish, by whom she had issue as follows, viz. :—

Henry Cavendish, Esq., who settled at Tutbury, Staffordshire.

William Cavendish the first Earl of Devonshire.

Charles Cavendish, settled at Welbeck Abbey, and the father of William Baron Ogle, and Duke of Newcastle.

Frances, who married Sir Henry Pierrepont, of Holme Pierrepont, near Nottingham, from whom descended the Dukes of Kingston and Earl Manvers.

Elizabeth, who espoused Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox, youngest brother to King James the first's father. Queen Elizabeth was so exasperated at this marriage,* that in the extremity of her wrath and indignation she committed both the Countess of Shrewsbury and the Dowager Lady Lenox to the tower! Through the interest of the Earl of Shrewsbury the Countess was liberated after a few months; and shortly after the young Lady Lenox, her daughter, whilst yet in all her bridal bloom, died in the arms of her mother.

Mary, who married Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury.

After the death of Sir William Cavendish, her ladyship again continued in widowhood for some time, but at length married Sir William St. Loo, captain of the guard to Queen Elizabeth, and who had a large estate in Gloucestershire, which, in the articles of marriage, were settled on her ladyship and heirs, in default of issue by Sir William; and accordingly, having no child by him, she lived to enjoy his whole estate, to the exclusion, not only of his brothers, who were heirs male, but also of his own daughters by a former wife!

During this her third widowhood, the charms of her wit and beauty captivated the then greatest subject of the realm, George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, whom she brought to

*The issue of this marriage was the beautiful and accomplished Lady Arabella Stuart, who was educated at Hardwick, under the care of the Countess, her grandmother, and whose affecting and melancholy history is second only to that of her kinswoman, Mary Queen of Scots.

terms of the greatest honour and advantage to herself, as well as to her children; for he not only yielded to a considerable jointure, but also to a union of families, by taking her youngest daughter, Mary, to be the wife of Gilbert, his second son, and afterwards heir; and also giving the Lady Grace, his youngest daughter, to Henry, her eldest son.

On November 18th, 1590, she was a fourth time left, and until her death continued a widow.

There were changes of condition in the life of this lady that, perhaps, never fell to the lot of any other woman. To be four times a wife—to rise by every husband into greater wealth and higher honours—to have a numerous issue by one husband only—to have all those children live, and all, by her advice, be creditably disposed of by marriage in her lifetime—and after all to live seventeen years a widow, in absolute power and plenty;* and in addition to all this, to have been, as it were, the founder of several of the most noble houses which now adorn the peerage, as well as the grandmother of a princess of the blood royal, are certainly circumstances which seem to partake more of the character of fiction than that of sober reality.

She had also the honour to be keeper to Mary, Queen of Scots, for many years; and it seems probable she frequently brought her royal charge to Hardwick during that period.

She died, full of years, honours, and worldly comforts, on the 13th of February, 1607, and was buried in the south aisle of All Saints' church, in Derby, (where she had founded a hospital for twelve poor persons), under a costly tomb which she took care to erect in her own lifetime.

The Countess is seen, arrayed in the habit of her time, with her head reclining on a cushion, and her hands placed in the attitude of prayer. Underneath is an inscription in Latin, of which the following is a translation:—

“To the memory of Elizabeth, the daughter of John Hardwicke, of Hardwicke, in the county of Derby, Esq., and at length co-heiress to her brother John. She was married first to Robert Barley, of Barley, in the said county of Derby, Esq.; afterwards to William Cavendish, of Chatsworth, Knt., Treasurer of the Chamber to the Kings Henry 8th and Edward 6th, and Queen Mary, to whom he was also a Privy Councillor. She then became

*Her income for some years before her death, amounted to £60,000 per annum, a sum equal to at least £200,000 of the present day!

the wife of Sir William St. Loo, Captain of the Guard to Queen Elizabeth. Her last husband was the most noble George, Earl of Shrewsbury.

"By Sir William Cavendish alone she had issue. This was three sons: viz., Henry Cavendish, of Tutbury, in the county of Stafford, Esq., who took to wife Grace, the daughter of the said George, Earl of Shrewsbury, but died without legitimate issue; William, created Baron Cavendish, of Hardwicke, and Earl of Devonshire, by his late Majesty King James; and Charles Cavendish, of Welbeck, Knt., father of the most honourable William Cavendish, on account of his great merit created Knight of the Bath, Baron Ogle, by right of his mother, and Viscount Mansfield, Earl, Marquis, and Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Earl Ogle, of Ogle.

"She had also an equal number of daughters: viz., Frances, married to Sir Henry Pierrepont; Elizabeth, to Charles Stuart, Earl of Lenox; and Mary, to Gilbert, Earl of Shrewsbury.

"This very celebrated Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, built the houses of Chatsworth, Hardwicke, and Oldcotes, highly distinguished by their magnificence; and finished her transitory life on the thirteenth day of February, in the year 1607, and about the 87th year of her age; and expecting a glorious resurrection, lies interred underneath."

Most of this lady's biographers agree that she was of noble and commanding appearance—beautiful, accomplished, discreet, and talented, although, perhaps, towards the latter part of her life, rather inclined to be arrogant and despotic, hence her union with the Earl of Shrewsbury, (who, by the bye, was not all perfection himself), proved anything but a happy one. To her credit, however, be it said, that in their disputes, which ended in a separation, both Queen Elizabeth and Overton, Bishop of Lichfield, very warmly took the lady's part. After a careful examination of the character of this extraordinary woman, I am driven to the conclusion that she was more "sinned against than sinning;" and there are certainly no events connected with her life which could, in my opinion, justify any writer in speaking of her with such severity as does one of her own sex,* who says, "His," the Earl of Shrewsbury's, "proud and cruel wife, whose temper could not be restrained by any power either on earth or in heaven, soon became jealous of the lovely and fascinating prisoner and led her husband, a noble of exemplary gravity, and a grandsire, a terrible life!"

In addition to her other extraordinary propensities, the Countess was undoubtedly afflicted with what in modern times is not inaptly termed a "building mania," and she had the

*Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*, vol. 7.

honour of building three of the most splendid seats that were, perhaps, ever raised by one person in the same county, viz., Hardwick Hall, of which I am now speaking, Oldcotes, near Chesterfield, now in ruins, and that prince of mansions, and gem of the Peak, Chatsworth. To assist in the erection, or rather re-building of this latter noble edifice, she caused a great quantity of the materials to be removed from the old hall of Hardwick, which circumstance may partly account for the extremely ruinous state of that ancient building.

To account for this lady's rage for building, there is a tradition — recorded by Walpole — that she was told by a fortune-teller that her death should not happen while she continued building; and accordingly she expended immense sums of money in so doing; and singular enough, she died in a hard frost, when the workmen could not proceed with building operations!

Thus much for the history of Hardwick's noble founder, for the leading facts of which I am indebted to a copious memoir of the Cavendish family, written by the learned Dr. Kennet, once chaplain in the family, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

Probably the greatest interest which attaches to Hardwick in the present day, arises from the fact of its having been one of the "houses of detention" of Mary, Queen of Scots; nor is it surprising that this circumstance should be its great charm and attraction, or that she should be, as it were, the tutelary genius of the place; for since her sad career upon earth closed, Chatsworth has been burned and re-built; Tutbury and Sheffield castles, Wingfield Manor, Fortheringay — in short, every place almost, which Mary inhabited during her captivity, all lie in ruins, as if struck with a doleful curse, but Hardwick still retains its grandeur; in addition to which, the bed and furniture which she used, the cushions of her oratory, and the tapestry she wrought in her sad confinement, are still preserved; and still may we look from the same lone window from which she gazed, with many a sigh and tear, over the far distant hills.

The poet Gray visited Hardwick, and in one of his letters to Dr. Wharton thus touchingly alludes to this subject:—

"Of all the places I have seen since my return from you Hardwick pleases me most. One would think that Mary,

Queen of Scots, had but just walked down into the park with her guard for half-an-hour. Her gallery, her room of audience, her antechamber with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, *lit de repos*, oratory, carpets, hangings just as she left them! a little tattered indeed, but the more venerable!"

Horace Walpole too, visited Hardwick, but he, strange to say, declares that he "was never less charmed in his life." "The house," says he, "is not Gothic, but of that *betweenity* that intervened when Gothic declined and Palladian was creeping in—rather this is totally naked of either. It has vast chambers, aye, vast—such as the nobility of that time delighted in, and did not know how to furnish. There is a fine bank of old oaks in the park over a lake, *nothing else pleased me!*"

In this spirit he thus describes the state room or presence chamber:—

"The great apartment is exactly what it was when the Queen of Scots was kept there. Her council chamber, (the council chamber of a poor woman who had only two secretaries, a gentleman usher, an apothecary, a confessor, and three maids!) is so outrageously spacious that you would take it for King David's, who thought, contrary to all modern experience, that in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom. At the upper end is the state chair, with a long table covered with sumptuous cloth, embroidered and embossed with gold—at least what was gold; so are all the tables. Round the top of the chamber runs a monstrous frieze, ten or twelve feet deep, representing a stag hunt, in miserable plastered relief."

How very different is the description of the same room given—not by one whose time and thoughts had been occupied by periods of history, "big with events," but by the talented authoress of the "Characteristics of Women." Her elegant pen thus truthfully "hits off" the aforesaid room:—

"In the council chamber (described by Walpole) rich tapestry, representing the story of Ulysses, runs round the room to the height of fifteen or sixteen feet, and above it the stag hunt in ugly relief. On one side of this room there is a spacious recess, at least eighteen or twenty feet square; and across this, from side to side, to divide it from the body of the room, was suspended a magnificent piece of tapestry, (real Gobelin's), of the time of Louis Quatorze, still fresh and

even vivid in tint, which, from its weight, hung in immense wavy folds; above it we could just discern the canopy of a lofty state bed, with nodding ostrich plumes, which had been placed there out of the way. The effect of the whole, as I have seen it, when the red western light streamed through the enormous windows, was in its shadowy beauty and depth of colour that of a 'realized Rembrandt,' if, indeed, Rembrandt ever painted anything at once so elegant, so fanciful, so gorgeous, and so gloomy."

At the risk of being tedious, I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting you a few more short extracts from the same pen. Speaking of the portrait of Lady Arabella Stuart, she says—

"One of the first pictures which caught my attention when I entered the gallery was a small head of Arabella Stuart when an infant. The painting is poor enough; it is a little round rosy face in a child's cap, and she holds an embroidered doll in her hands. Who could look on this picture and not glance forward through succeeding years and see the pretty playful infant transformed into the impassioned woman, writing to her husband—'In sickness and in despair, where-soever thou art, or howsoever I be, it sufficeth me always that thou art mine!' Arabella Stuart was not clever, but not Heloise, nor Corinne, nor Madlle. De' l' Espinasse ever penned such a dear little morsel of touching eloquence,—so full of all a woman's tenderness!"

Of Mary Queen of Scots' portrait when young, Mrs. Jameson says, "This portrait of poor Mary is a full length, in mourning habit, with a white cap (of her own peculiar fashion) and a veil of white gauze. This, I believe, is the celebrated picture so often copied and engraved. It is dated 1578, the thirty-sixth of her age, and the tenth of her captivity. The figure is elegant and the face pensive and sweet, and was painted by Richard Stevens, of whom there is some account in Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painters.'"

Who that has visited the picture gallery of Hardwick can read the following lines from the same writer, without being struck with their truthfulness?

"How often have I walked up and down this noble gallery lost in 'commiserating reveries' on the vicissitudes of departed grandeur!—on the nothingness of all that life could give!—on the fate of youthful beauties, who lived to be broken-hearted,

grow old, and die!—on heroes who once walked the earth in the blaze of their fame, now gone to dust, and in endless darkness!—on bright faces, *petries de lis et de roses*, since time-wrinkled!—on noble forms, since mangled in the battle-field!—on high-born heads that fell beneath the axe of the executioner!—O ye starred and ribboned! ye jewelled and embroidered! ye wise, rich, great, noble, brave, and beautiful, of all your loves and smiles, your graces and excellencies, your deeds and honours—does, then, a ‘painted board circumscribe all?’ ”

Leaving the romantic foreground and interesting ruins of the ancient building,

“Where now the spider is weaving his woof,
Making his loom of the sculptured roof;
Where weeds have gathered and moss hath grown,
On the topmost ridge and lowest stone.”

I will proceed to give you as accurate a description as I possibly can of the interior attractions of the present hall.

Passing through a narrow gateway, you approach the west front along a wide flagged pavement, and are admitted into the

Entrance or Great Hall, which is of great magnitude, and fitted up with oak wainscoting and tapestry, in admirable keeping with the rest of the internal furnishing and decorations, which, as a whole, is said to be the most faithful illustration of the domestic habits of the days of Elizabeth that any building in England affords.

This apartment contains a bust of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott. On a pedestal, bearing an armorial escutcheon, is the following brief inscription :—

Maria Regina Scotorum
Nata 1542,
A suis in exilium acta, 1568,
Ab hospitâ neci data, 1587.

Along the west end of the hall runs the Minstrel gallery, supported by four pillars, and forming a sort of vestibule to the entrance.

Leaving the hall, we ascend by the north staircase into

The Chapel, hung with tapestry, representing some of the

leading incidents connected with the life of Saint Paul, including his conversion and shipwreck. The chairs and cushions, &c., contain some rich and costly specimens of antique needlework, and as such are interesting and deserving of attention.

The Dining Hall is fitted up with small panels of dark oak wainscoting. Over the chimney-piece is the following motto :

“The conclusion of all thinges, is to feare God and keepe his commaundmentes.”

Underneath are the initials E. S., surmounted by a coronet and the date, 1597.

There are several portraits in this room, including the first Duke of Devonshire; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Horatio, first Lord Walpole; the Right Honorable Henry Pelham, and the Earl of Southampton, Lord Treasurer to Charles the second.

A door on the north side of this room opens into

The Cut Velvet Bed Room, which was formerly hung with ancient silk drapery, richly embossed with emblematical figures, in gold and silver lace and thread; but is now hung with tapestry, in good preservation, portraying Flemish subjects. Over the doors are specimens of the old needlework, decently restored.

The arms of Cavendish, Shrewsbury, and Hardwick are emblazoned over the chimney-piece.

Returning through the dining room, and proceeding along the gallery before alluded to, and from which there is a commanding view of the entrance hall, you enter

The Drawing Room, which is also wainscoted in beautiful dark oak panels for a considerable height, above which is some fine tapestry, representing the story of Esther and King Ahasuerus.

In this room are several portraits, including Sir William Cavendish, taken in his 42nd year, and considered fine, Charles James Fox, and Countess Spencer, mother of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. Over the chimney-piece are the Hardwick arms, surmounted by a coronet, and supported by two stags, underneath is the following distich :—

“Sanguine, cornu, corde, oculo, pede, cervus et aure.
Nobilis at claro; pondere nobilior.”

By the south door of this room you enter

The Duke's Bed Room, which is hung with splendid tapestry, representing Abraham and the angels, Isaac and Rebecca, and other scriptural subjects.

A Dressing Room adjoins, looking south, in which are some interesting specimens of the Countess of Shrewsbury's needle-work.

Returning through the drawing room, you reach the

Grand Staircase, the walls of which contain some splendid specimens of tapestry, on which may readily be traced the story of Hero and Leander.

There is a curious ancient chest near the drawing room door, supposed to have belonged to George Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

On arriving at the top of the staircase, a fine old door (surmounted by the Hardwick arms) presents itself, and which enters into the

State Room or Presence Chamber, a noble room, sixty-five feet long, thirty-three feet wide, and twenty-six feet high. The walls to the height of fifteen feet are adorned with rich tapestry, representing the chief events of the Odyssey.

Above the tapestry, there is a basso relievo representation of a stag hunt, and the court of Diana. The arms of England are over the fire-place.

The furniture in this room is extremely rich, and chiefly of the time of James the second, together with some curious old chairs and stools recently restored.

At the north end of the room is a canopy of embroidered black velvet, with chair and foot-stool to match, the inside being ornamented by the Hardwick arms, quartered with the Bruces' of Elgin. In front of the canopy stands a long table of Queen Elizabeth's time, beautifully inlaid.

In a spacious recess stands the state bed, with rich crimson velvet canopy, and noble ostrich plumes. The curtains are of crimson velvet and elaborately covered with gold and silver tissue, and there are also carved chairs and stools covered with

the same material, to match. The whole is in a good state of preservation. We next come to the

Library, the walls and doorways of which are hung with tapestry. From the windows of this room a splendid prospect may be obtained.

The library contains a considerable number of curious and valuable works, and the walls are graced with several paintings, including the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury herself. A fine portrait of the fourth Duchess of Devonshire on horseback. (The horse was painted by Van Blooman, the landscape by Horizonte, and the portrait by Kent, in 1747.) The first Duke of Devonshire when a youth, and Jeffery Hudson, the celebrated dwarf, (painted by Vandyck). From this to the

Green Room, the walls of which are now hung with beautiful silk tapestry. The library and green room were originally the same height as the presence chamber.

You next enter the interesting room known as

Mary Queen of Scots' Room, which is somewhat small, situate in one of the square towers. The principal object of attention in this room is the Queen's bed, which, being hung with black velvet, has rather a gloomy, but not unpleasant, appearance. The hangings are richly embroidered with flowers in coloured silk, by the hands of the royal prisoner and her attendants.

Over the door are the royal arms of Scotland, with the initials "M. R.," and round the whole is the inscription :—

"Marie Stewart, par le grace de Dieu, Royne de Scosse, Douariere de France."

Crest—a lion. Motto—"In my Defens."

The Blue Room, amongst other attractions, contains a representation of the marriage of Tobias, placed over the mantel-piece.

The next and perhaps most attractive room is

The Picture Gallery, which extends the whole length of the eastern front, measuring 166 feet in length, forty-one feet in width, (including the window recesses), and twenty-six feet high.

Some very ancient tapestry (removed from the old halls at Chatsworth and Hardwick) may be seen in this noble apartment, part of it bearing date so long since as 1478.

The windows in this gallery, although no larger than the others on the same story, are of most enormous proportions, and are altogether computed to contain 27,000 panes of glass. Hence no doubt the origin of the saying—

“Hardwick Hall,
More glass than wall.”

There are two splendid chimney-pieces here, composed of black marble and alabaster, one surmounted by a piece of sculpture, representing “Pity;” the other a companion-piece, representing “Justice.” They are supposed to be the work of either Stephens, a Flemish sculptor, or Valerio Vicentino, an Italian artist.

The immense number of paintings hanging in this room consist chiefly of family portraits, a catalogue of which would far exceed my limits. The following will, however, be probably found the most interesting, viz. :—

Queen Elizabeth; the Countess of Shrewsbury; the beautiful Arabella Stuart; Henry the seventh and Henry the eight; (cartoon, by Holbein); Mary Queen of Scots when young; William, first Duke of Devonshire; the same on horseback; Lord William Russell; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; third Earl of Burlington; Robert Boyle,* the philosopher; Thomas Hobbes; seventh Earl of Derby; Lord Treasurer Burleigh.

Hardwick was for many years the abode of the semi-infidel philosopher, Hobbes, usually known as “Hobbes of Malmesbury,” author of “The Leviathan,” “De Cive,” “De Corpore Politico,” &c.; who having in early life been tutor in the Cavendish family, found here an asylum in his declining years; and here, also, after being more or less domesticated with the family for nearly seventy years, this eccentric man, who, with all his philosophy, would never allow himself to be left in the dark, died, or as he himself termed it, “crept out of the world,” at the advanced age of ninety-one years.

*He died of grief for the loss of his sister, Lady Ranelagh, the celebrated object of Milton's tender regard, at all events, of his enthusiastic admiration.

There is a curious portrait of Hobbes in the picture gallery. It is striking from the evident truthfulness of the expression, uniting as it does the last lingering gleam of thought with the withered and almost ghastly decrepitude of extreme age. It was taken only a short time before his death, and has been engraved by Hollar.

Hobbes once said to a notorious "bookworm," "If I had read as many volumes as you have, I should be as ignorant as you are!"

He was buried at the little church of

AULT-HUCKNALL,

close by, an edifice which is supposed to have been one of the ancient stone churches built by the Saxons, and in which there is even now much to interest the antiquarian.

The leading style of the structure is Saxon, of which there are many parts still remaining. The peculiar position of the tower is indicative of this. One of the Saxon windows remains at the west end of the north aisle, and the original west doorway, though now blocked up, still remains, and a most interesting and curious example of very early sculpture it is, having a square head, with sculptured tympanum, surmounted by a semi-circular arch. The lower sculpture is probably a representation of St. George slaying the Dragon; but it is difficult to guess even at the meaning of the panel within the arch.

The piscina, in the south wall of the church, is of elegant design, and has some well-executed first-pointed detail. Near to it, and under the arch in the south chancel wall, lies an ancient altar slab, marked with the usual crosses.

Under the east window of the chantry chapel, stands a monument to one of the Cavendishes, dated 1626. The small statues ranged along the top in front are marble, and remarkably well sculptured. The window over this tomb contains small portions of its ancient painted glass, and appears from the kneeling figures to have been a memorial window.

The living of Ault-Hucknall formerly belonged to the priory of Newstead.

Leaving, however, this venerable church, the stately park, and the grand old hall, with all its associations, I passed

through a richly-wooded and well-cultivated country to the lofty and frowning turrets of

BOLSOVER CASTLE,

distant, perhaps, three miles from Hardwick, another ancient seat of the princely Cavendishes, now the property of the Duke of Portland, and occupied by the Rev. J. Hamilton Gray and his talented lady, the authoress of the "History of Etruria," "History of Rome," "History of the Roman Emperors," and "A Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria," who have in their elegant apartments arranged the magnificent series of Etruscan and other antiquities which they have collected, as also a large display of ancient carved furniture.

The town of Bolsover, which is about eight miles from Mansfield, is a quiet ancient-looking place, and was at one time of sufficient importance to rank as a market town. It is spoken of as such so early as 1225. The market was held on Friday; but was discontinued about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The manor is copyhold, of a similar tenure to that of Mansfield, His Grace the Duke of Portland being the present lord.

King John in the second year of his reign caused the park of Bolsover to be enclosed, under the direction of Hugh Bardolph, of Stoke, whose account, amounting to £30, was deemed so excessive that it was referred to Galfred Lutterell and William Fitzwakellin to oversee and audit.

The "Bolsover buckles," which were held in so much repute by our grandfathers, were formerly made here in great quantities. Their celebrity arose from a peculiar process of case-hardening, which not only enabled the manufacturer to impart a most brilliant polish, but also rendered them of so exceedingly good temper, that it was said a loaded cart might pass over a Bolsover buckle without injuring its shape.

The church is a plain Norman structure, with a tower and low spire, and is dedicated to St. Mary, the present value of the living being about £130 per annum.

Amongst the monuments in the Cavendish chapel is one to Sir Charles and Lady Cavendish, very highly decorated. In the church are other monuments of the Cavendish family, and one

of the Duke of Newcastle, consisting of four pillars supporting a massive pediment ornamented with figures and various devices. It is composed of different coloured marbles, and is one of the most magnificent in the provinces. The late Duke of Portland, father of Lord George Bentinck, is also buried here.

On approaching the town from the Glapwell road, the most glorious scenery lay extended before me, as all at once I found myself on the very ridge of a range of hills which fell somewhat precipitately from where I stood and formed with a corresponding range rising in the distance a long sweeping valley, of the greatest extent, variety, and beauty. To the extreme left the noble woods and lofty turrets of the hall I had just visited rose in grandeur. The village of Heath, with Sutton Hall, the seat of one of the Arkwrights, formed a pleasing front; and with the vast iron districts of Staveley and Renishaw on the right, completed a magnificent panorama; the noble hills of the Peak and the Yorkshire moors extending themselves as a misty-shaded back ground along the distant horizon. The varied and glowing tints of a rich autumnal foliage, although somewhat sad precursors of approaching winter, added greatly to the beauty of the charming landscape.

On nearer acquaintance, the town bears evident traces of having been at some period of its history strongly fortified. I found the castle all I had been led to expect.

“A mighty maze, but not without a plan.”

There is no doubt that William de Peverell (to whom the manor was granted by his father, William the Conqueror) built a castle at Bolsover; and there is still a road called the “Peverell Road,” leading in the direction of South Wingfield, where he possessed a manor house. The ancient castle formed one of the strongholds of the disaffected barons during part of the troublesome reign of King John; but it was at length (1215) reduced by Ferrars, Earl of Derby, who was afterwards appointed its governor.

In 1552, Edward the sixth granted a lease of the manor to Sir John Byron, and two years afterwards granted the same in fee to the Talbots, by whom it was leased, in 1608, to Sir Charles Cavendish for 1000 years, at a rent of £10 per annum; and in 1613 he bought the manor, the purchase deed being enrolled in chancery on the 20th of August of that year.

At that time the castle was in ruins, but there was even then too much mettle in the Cavendish blood to allow it to continue so, consequently the same year Sir Charles commenced the erection of the present mansion, under the superintendence of Huntingdon Smithson, who was sent to Italy by the munificent owner expressly to collect materials for his designs. This celebrated architect died at Bolsover in 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the church.

A great portion of the buildings then erected are now in ruins; but there is nothing particularly picturesque in their appearance, which partakes more of the effect produced by having been dismantled by careful workmen than of succumbing to the ravages of time, the massive grey walls being still as firm and free from decay as can well be imagined.

Some idea may be formed of the style and magnitude of this splendid range of buildings from the fact that one gallery now standing measures 220 feet in length, by twenty-eight feet in width. The dining room was seventy-eight feet by thirty-three feet, and a lodging room thirty-six feet by thirty-three feet; the out-buildings are in proportion, the whole range measuring 276 feet from the east corner of the house.

It was in these noble rooms that William, the right loyal and princely Earl of Newcastle (1634) entertained King Charles I. and his court on a scale of magnificence seldom, if ever, equalled in the annals of baronial liberality; in fact, according to the Duchess of Newcastle's memoirs of her husband, the first cost him no less a sum than £4,000, the second £15,000, and the third, a slight affair, £1,500. On this occasion Ben Jonson wrote several masques, and was employed as a sort of master of the ceremonies to prepare the speeches and scenes; and Welbeck Abbey was set apart for their majesties' lodgings.

The *first* entertainment was described by Lord Clarendon as "such an excess of feasting as had scarce ever been known in England before, and would be still thought very prodigious if the same noble person had not within a year or so afterwards, made the king and queen a more stupendous entertainment, which, God be thanked, though possibly it might too much whet the appetite of others to excess, no man after those days imitated."

Having alluded to the munificence of the first Earl of New-

castle, it may be interesting to mention the extent of his resources, and the generous sacrifices he made in support of his royal master's cause.

From the memoirs of the duchess, it appears that in the year 1649, when the king found it necessary to raise an army to subdue the disaffected Scotch, the Earl of Newcastle, finding his majesty's exchequer exhausted, generously lent his majesty £10,000, and raised a troop of horse, consisting of one hundred and twenty gentlemen, (which was afterwards called the "Prince of Wales' Troop"), all well equipped, and each attended by his own servant, without charge to the king.

His lordship also fortified and garrisoned the town of Newcastle, Bolsover castle, and other places at his own expense, and gained many advantages over the parliamentary forces.

By a survey made of his estates in 1641, he possessed a rent roll of £22,393 9s. 3d., a prodigious income for those days.

After the murder of the king, these splendid estates were placed by the parliament under a sequestration, the earl himself having fled to Antwerp, where he chiefly resided until his return to England at the restoration.

The duchess computes her husband's losses consequent upon those unhappy and disgraceful struggles at no less than £941,303, for which she thus accounts:—

The loss of his estates during the civil war and his banishment, amounted with interest to....	} £403,083
Estates actually lost, producing an annual income of £5,229, she estimate at.....	} £437,220
Sold for payment of his debts.....	£56,000
Value of his woods which were cut down	£45,000

Grand total..... £941,303

What a melancholy picture does this statement present of the troubles and adversities which then so heavily oppressed our land; and how fervent ought our aspirations to be for deliverance "from all sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion."

Although Bolsover castle was strongly fortified, and well provided for by the Earl of Newcastle, it could not withstand the overpowering influence, openly and covertly, of the victorious Puritans, and it surrendered upon honorable terms to Major General Crawford, in 1644. From the account of its capture it appears to have been well manned, strongly fortified

with great guns, "one whereof carried eighteen pound bullets." and was well stored with ammunition and provisions. One hundred and twenty muskets, two mortars, nine barrels of powder, besides pikes, halberts, drakes, matches, &c., fell into the hands of the victors, who bestowed great pains in demolishing this splendid edifice, in order as well to enrich themselves as to show their spleen against the noble and loyal owner.

After the restoration some feeble attempts were made by the Earl, by this time created the Duke, of Newcastle, to repair the injuries the fabric had sustained; but with a shattered fortune and advancing years, a total restoration was not attempted. Enough was accomplished, however, to enable various branches of the family to reside there; but as this took place during a time in which is little worthy of record, it is sufficient to mention that this and several other estates, including Mansfield and Welbeck, descended from that noble branch of the Cavendishes through those of Holles and Harley to the present owner and lord of the manor, His Grace the Duke of Portland.

As before stated, the only part of the castle now occupied is the residence of the Rev. J. H. Gray, and is not shown to casual visitors when the family is at home. With the exception of what is termed the "star chamber," there is little, perhaps, beyond the glorious prospects from the windows to interest the visitor.

The gardens belonging to the castle are pretty, though small, and are graced with a classically designed fountain of elaborate work, ornamented with the busts in alabaster of eight of the Roman emperors, and a statue of Venus in the act of getting out of a bath with wet drapery in her hand; but the water which once played around the lovely goddess has long ceased to dance and sparkle at her feet. The riding house, so celebrated in the Duke of Newcastle's magnificent work, "General System of Horsemanship," in two royal folio volumes, is still in excellent preservation, and is worth a journey to see.

And here I must conclude my account of Hardwick and Bolsover, once places of almost regal splendour, and now so interesting that no lover of either his country's history, or of the picturesque in scenery, ought, if "within a day's march," to neglect visiting.

To vary the ramble, I returned to Mansfield by way of the village of

SCARCLIFFE.

At the commencement of the reign of Henry the third, the manor of Scarcliffe belonged to the baronial family of Frecheville, but it was afterwards seized by the king because the castle and town of Northampton were in a hostile manner detained from him by Anker Frecheville, Simon de Montford, Hugh de Spenser, and others.

Some time after the town of Scarcliffe was presented by Robert Lexington to the prior and canons of Newstead. The advowson of the church was given to Derley Abbey, by Hubert, the son of Ralph. The Duke of Devonshire is now the patron. The living is a vicarage, and the church is dedicated to "All Saints." It consists of a chancel and nave, with north aisle only, a south porch, and west tower. The prevailing style is late Norman as seen in the arcade on the north side of the nave and in the inner doorway of the porch, which, by the bye, is a fair specimen of Norman work.

In the chancel is a remarkably large and solid oak chest of undoubtedly great antiquity.

To all lovers of the romantic (and who are not?) by far the most interesting feature about Scarcliffe church is the monumental effigy in the chancel of the Lady Constantia and her child. A more complete and beautiful monument is scarcely to be found. From the style of the decorations it probably dates back as far as the reign of King Henry the third.

On a long scroll held by the child's hand, is the following elegant inscription in Leonine verse, engraved in Lombardic capitals:—

*"Hic sub humo strata,
Mulier jacet tumulata
Constans et grata,
Constancia jure vocata
Cu genetrice data
Proles requiescit humata.
Quamquam peccata,
Capita ejus sint cumulata,
Crimine purgata,
Cum prole Johanne beata
Vivat prefata,
Sanctorum sede locata.—Amen."*

Nothing is now known of the family of this lady,* but the following interesting legend (worthy of a romance) is still carefully cherished in the locality: — Wandering near the then densely thick woods of Scarcliffe this lady lost her way on a dark and dreary winter's night, but the sound of the curfew enabled her to find her way, wearied and exhausted, to the village, where she was immediately taken with the pains of labour and died. Nobody knew who she was or where she came from, but her ornaments and jewels proved her to be a lady of high degree. After her burial her trinkets were sold and the proceeds invested in the purchase of as much land as would pay from its annual rent the expense of ringing the curfew bell for about an hour each night during the dark and dreary winter nights. This custom is still religiously observed.

I next came to the charming little valley of Pleasley Forge, where I found two extensive mills of Messrs. W. Hollins & Co., furnishing employment for 400 or 500 hands. On the north-east side of the lower mill are precipitous rocks or ravines of limestone, affording romantic views. There are a daily school, mechanics' reading room and library, principally for the use of those employed at the mills, promoted and liberally supported by William Hollins, Esq.

Leaving this valley, with its busy mills and lakes, its stately swans and richly wooded declivities, I passed the spot celebrated as being the site of two Roman villas of considerable pretensions, which were discovered by Major Rooke, in 1786, and of which he sent an interesting account to the Antiquarian Society, (vide *Archæologia*, vol. 8, p. 363), but nothing is now to be seen save the ruins of a wall which the major in his antiquarian zeal caused to be erected over the spot, in order to protect the remains from that total annihilation which notwithstanding has long since been their fate.

Passing on, I soon reached the village of

MANSFIELD WOODHOUSE.

an ancient and respectable little place, a mile and a half from

*It is most probable that this lady was one of the baronial family of Frecheville, which possessed the manor of Scarcliffe for several generations.

Mansfield, and once the seat of the Digby family, eminent for their loyalty and zeal in the service of the first Charles.

The church in this village is of great antiquity. It is dedicated to St. Edmund, and in a forest book, written on parchment in 1520, it is recorded that the "town of Mansfield Woodhouse was burned in the year of our Lord MCCCIII, and the Kirk stepull with the belles of the same; for the stepull was afore of tymbre worke." It was re-built with stone, of which there are several quarries in the parish, consisting chiefly of that durable kind called magnesian limestone.

On approaching the church, I found to my delight that the spirit of restoration had been abroad in her purest form: the whole body of the church had been thoroughly repaired in 1853, in a most admirable manner.

This little village boasts a most excellent rural library, in connection with which lectures are delivered during the winter seasons at the new and commodious national school rooms.

The Tower records show that in the reign of Henry the sixth, Sir Robert Plumbton held one bovat in this parish, by the service of winding a horn to frighten the wolves away from the town, which at that time was (like Mansfield) surrounded by a densely wooded forest. The large tract of land belonging to this and to Mansfield parish has been enclosed, so that now the heath-covered hills of old Sherwood are clad with verdure, and the waving cornfields usurp the place of the graceful ferns (*filices*), or the still more pleasing golden-crested *ulex Europæus*, furze, gorse, or whin, which ever you please to call it.

Thus it has remained for the utilitarians of the nineteenth century to demolish the last remnant of "merrie Sherwood," the most ancient, most extensive, and decidedly most interesting of all the royal forests.

LETTER VI.

SHERWOOD FOREST, CLIPSTONE.

ANXIOUS to see the ruins of King John's palace, and that splendid vestige of ancient Sherwood called Birkland, I set out at day-break in the direction of what is generally called the Flood Dyke, and by its side, on a private road of the Duke of Portland's, leading from near Mansfield for several miles through his grace's estates. It proved both a lovely and an interesting walk, inasmuch as it displayed a system of irrigation which, although the work of one individual, may safely take its stand as one of the most important and comprehensive ever recorded in the annals of agricultural improvement. A man of ordinary mind and means might have shrunk from such an undertaking with dismay; but the indomitable perseverance of this noble projector enabled him to overcome every obstacle, and to reap the reward of a long and honourable life passed in improving his estates, and in developing the productive resources of the district.

The waters of the river Man, after turning the thousands of spindles which whirl and dance over its stream, are diverted from their natural channel by means of an artificial canal to a much higher level parallel to, but at some distance from, the bed of the river, by which means the land lying between the two streams, that is, between the natural river and the artificial one, can be with the assistance of the shuttles, carriers, &c., readily irrigated at pleasure.

These are the apparently perfectly simple and successful means adopted, and it is when considered how comprehensively they are carried out, and that the land was formerly rough, boggy, and valueless, that the scheme and its effects

can be thoroughly appreciated; and no lover of agriculture can look upon the now verdant meadows and luxuriant pastures which meet his gaze in long and pleasing succession, without the very highest admiration and even wonder.

His late Grace the Duke of Portland first commenced this system of improvement about forty-six years ago, and there is, I believe, a staff of men, locally called the "Dukes Navigators," more or less employed ever since; so that at the present time the flood meadows represent an amount of capital invested for improvement literally astonishing.

Thinking the particulars of these works might interest you, I obtained them from an authentic source by the courtesy of a friend, and now send them, merely premising that, independently of the formation of the King's Mill dam, (named in a previous letter), these beautiful works have cost upwards of one hundred pounds per acre!

These, then, were His Grace the Duke of Portland's water meadows, in the county of Nottingham, on the 25th October, 1849.

	A.	R.	P.
In Clipstone and Clipstone Park, called Clipstone water meadows.....	310	2	12
In Mansfield Woodhouse, called Mansfield Woodhouse water meadows.....	55	1	26
In Mansfield and Sutton, called High Oakham water Meadows	25	1	24
At Lindhurst, called Lindhurst water meadow	48	2	3
In Gleadthorpe (Warsop parish), called Gleadthorpe water meadow	57	0	0
In Carburton, called Carburton water meadow ..	56	0	27
In Welbeck and Norton, called the Kennel water Meadows	33	0	22
Making a grand total of	586	0	34

To this statement may be added a large extent at Cuckney, and a further one at Milnthorpe, in Norton township.

In the words of the Rev. J. Curtis, "the value of this project is very perceptible; during its whole length a perennial fertility is maintained, and luxuriant crops of grass and clover flourish over a district where comparative sterility once

reigned in absolute and apparently interminable power. If it has not already, it will in time amply repay the immense outlay incurred in its formation."

Proceeding for several miles through these verdant meadows by the lower road, which is on the edge of a charming little trout stream, I then passed through a wood of stately young oaks, called Cavendish Wood, and shortly found myself close to the stack yard and buildings of the Lodge, in Clipstone Park, built on the site of a former mansion, part of the remains of which are incorporated with the present edifice, and used as the farm house, which, with its spacious and convenient appendages, its ingenious excellent and numerous implements, is altogether an object of high and pleasing gratification. Dean Swift has observed that he is the best patriot who causes two ears of wheat to grow where one grew before. The noble proprietor of this domain has done more: he has dispensed upon a district of rigid barrenness the grateful aspect of verdure and abundance. Nobility well deserves its honours, its privileges, its influence, and its authority, when its revenues are thus expended in "scattering blessings over a smiling land."

Leaving this interesting farm yard, with its healthy, well-clad labourers, majestic horses, implements in endless variety, first-rate stock, its unequalled stack yard, its host of one-horse carts and Dutch barns, I entered the little rural and happy-looking village of

CLIPSTONE.

I say happy-looking, and when I tell you that the labourers' cottages have all the neatness and beauty of country villas, with their trellised porches, climbing honeysuckles and blushing roses, in addition to gardens, homesteads, and cottage cows, you will think that I use the term advisedly. This village, although now a comparatively obscure hamlet, was evidently at one time a place of much importance, some writers even asserting that during the Saxon heptarchy a palace was built and occupied by one of the Kings of Northumberland. Be this as it may, it is certain that it was a royal manor, and possessed a royal residence, very soon after the

Norman Conquest, and that it was a frequent and favourite residence of King John. It was also here that the lion-hearted Richard received the congratulations of the King of Scotland on his return from the Crusades. These incidents are enough to clothe the place with more than ordinary interest. I therefore eagerly sought out all that remains of the palace ruins, and found in an arable field, surrounded by a contented flock of forest sheep, a pile of thick and rugged walls, perforated with what were once no doubt richly-traced gothic windows. This remnant still frowns upon the storm and defies its power, and may, if permitted, endure for ages to come, for I found on examination that the walls are composed of small pieces of the imperishable magnesian limestone, and a concrete as hard and durable as that by which the massive foundations of the discovered Roman remains are generally cemented.

Although this place has been by some writers designated a mere "hunting box," there can be no doubt it was from its magnitude more deserving the name of a palace; for in addition to the incidents connected with its history already stated, I find that not only are several of the royal grants to Nottingham and elsewhere dated from it, but also that in 1290 King Edward the first held a parliament or royal council here; and immense cellars and extensive foundations near the present ruins existed but a few years ago. According to Thoroton the *first* palace here was destroyed by fire, but rebuilt in 1220, in the reign of Henry the third.

On a bold bleak eminence some distance from the "palace" ruins stands another structure, which, although of modern date, is not the least attractive feature of this district. This is a beautiful gothic lodge recently erected, and called by the villagers the "duke's archway," a name, by the bye, hardly calculated to attract the notice its beauty will well repay. As it lay, however, in the most direct route for Birkland, I made a virtue of necessity and paid the archway a visit, little expecting to find a building rich in decoration, perfect in its various styles of architecture, (for it is scarcely pure gothic), admirably appropriate to its situation and purpose, and displaying that taste and refinement in details for which its eminent architects (Scott and Moffatt) are so justly celebrated.

The first stone was laid in June, 1842, and the building

was completed in 1844, under the able superintendence of Mr. Lindley, whose eminence and taste as a builder I have before had occasion to mention. It is built of the beautiful limestone found at Mansfield Woodhouse, the surface of which being highly dressed, its countless magnesian particles glitter in the sun as if sprinkled with diamond dust.

CLIPSTONE LODGE.



In the centre, as will be seen from the drawing, is a noble carriage way, and on either side are comfortable dwellings, while the principal room, which is over the archway, is dedicated by its noble founder to the cause of education, for the benefit of the villagers of Clipstone.

The prospects from this room are most beautiful, including Birkland, with its thousand aged oaks, the venerable church of Edwinstowe, and a wide expanse of splendid forest scenery.

Placed in the very centre of the locality identified with their

exploits, the late duke happily adopted this tasteful work to commemorate the heroes of the famous "Garland," for

"In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Scarlet, George-a-Green, and Much, the miller's son;
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade."

In three niches on the south side of this elegant exterior are beautiful and characteristic statues, in Caen stone, of the redoubted Outlaw himself, his friend, scarcely less famous, Little John, and the loving and devoted Maid Marian, or Clorinda; whilst looking northward, stand the lion-hearted Richard, the Merry Friar, and the brave and gentle minstrel Allan-a-dale. As works of mechanical art, these figures are worthy of high admiration, but most so is the happy realization of the ideal of these sylvan heroes. Four hares (symbolic of the chase) are placed at intervals, whilst over the eastern and western doorways and surrounding the ducal arms, are two significant mottoes from the well-known lines of Horace.

*Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus, et Sepulchri,
Immemor struis domos.**

Leaving the Lodge and following the course of a wide grassy road extending for miles, known as the Duke's Drive, I soon entered that noble vestige of the ancient forest called Birkland, which, with the adjoining woods of Bilhagh, was granted by the Crown to the Duke of Portland in exchange for the perpetual advowson of St. Mary-le-bone. The former, containing 947½ acres, still belongs to his grace, but the latter, which lies nearer the Thoresby estates, was conveyed by exchange to Earl Manvers, in lieu of estates at Holbeck and Bonbusk, contiguous to that of Welbeck Abbey.

In the reign of king John the Abbey of Welbeck appropriated six acres, and one Robert Lessington eight acres, and in 1290 the same abbey obtained a grant of free warren.

By a survey made in 1609 there was found to be 21,009

* And yet thou, on the brink of the grave, art bargaining to have marble cut for an abode. Lib. 2, Car. 18, V. 17.

oak trees in Birkland, and 28,900 in Bilhagh, and they were in general even at that time past maturity. 104 years, that is, from 1686 to 1790, there had been cut down no less than 27,199 trees!

The indefatigable Major Rooke published "descriptions and sketches" of some remarkable oaks in this locality. From this account it appears that in cutting down some trees in the Hays of Birkland and Bilhagh, letters were found cut or stamped in the body of the trees marking the king's reign. One with the letters I. R. about one foot within the tree and the same distance from the centre. These the Major concludes were for James Rex. Another contained W. M. and a crown, about nine inches within the tree and three feet three inches from the centre: these he thinks were for William and Mary. A third contained the letter I, with an imperfect impression of a blunt radiated crown, resembling those represented in old prints on the head of King John. These were eighteen inches within the tree, and above a foot from the centre, and the Major presumes were cut or stamped upon the outside of the tree during the reign of King John. Two of these trees were felled in 1786 the other in 1791. "This extensive grove of ancient and majestic oaks," says Major Rooke, "is beautifully diversified by the slender and pendant branches of the silver-coated birch, with which this wood abounds. Many of these remarkable oaks are of great antiquity, one may venture to say a thousand years old. Several of them measure above thirty-four feet in circumference, and notwithstanding the hollowness of their trunks, their tops and lateral branches are rich in foliage."

Although the woodman's work of destruction has progressed rapidly since Major Rooke's time, many of these ancient picturesque denizens of the forest are yet left to us. Perhaps of these, the two most remarkable are the "major oak" and the "butcher's shambles," both of enormous proportions, the major being ninety feet in circumference, and his branches covering a diameter of 240 feet! The "butcher's shambles" has been said to be the identical tree wherein Robin Hood kept his venison! but this, though popularly credited, will hardly meet *your* belief, and in fact all it can legitimately boast of in this way is, that it was the depository of the mutton unlawfully slaughtered in the wood by a daring and notorious

sheep stealer, who many years ago flourished in the neighbouring village of Clipstone. But though I dispel the savory legend connected with this tree, I have no wish to underrate its really surprising bulk, on which alone it may be content to rest its claims to notice.

“Bare and leafless now its head,
Capp'd with grizzled moss instead,
Slowly mouldering down with age,
The monarch quits the sylvan stage,
Still high its bleached arms are cast,
Still scorns to flinch and dares the blast.”

Another, and perhaps the most interesting tree of the district, is the “parliament oak,” which stands a short distance from Birkland, on the turnpike road leading to Mansfield from Ollerton. With a massive trunk, shattered and rent asunder, bereft of his noble arms, branchless, and decrepit, this patriarch of the forest, once of sufficient consequence to invite even royalty beneath his shade, now leans for support against the sturdy props with which he has been surrounded.

Of a truth we may say with Spenser, that it is—

“A huge oak, dry and dead,
Still clad with reliques of its trophies old,
Lifting to heaven its aged hoary head,
Whose foot on earth hath got but feeble hold,
And, half-disboweled, stands above the ground,
With wreathed roots and naked arms,
And trunk all rotten and unsound!”

This aged tree bears the distinguished name of the parliament oak, from the well-authenticated fact, that beneath its wide-spreading branches King John and his barons held a brief but earnest consultation, in consequence of intelligence having been brought to the royal party (whilst hunting in Clipstone park) of a second revolt of the Welsh. This took place in 1212, and the first result was, according to Rapin, the execution of twenty-eight Welsh Hostages, then confined in Nottingham castle.

The victims of this horrible act of cruelty were all young, some of them indeed of the tender age of twelve and fourteen years, and belonging to the most illustrious and powerful families in Wales; and it is stated by some that so resolute

was the royal tyrant to have his bloody revenge surely and promptly gratified, that he swore "*by the teeth of God!*" (his favorite oath when excited), that he would not eat bread again until with his own eyes he had seen them all put to death. Mounting his horse, therefore, and summoning his attendants, he rode with all possible speed to Nottingham, where his poor innocent victims were all seized and bound, and, amidst the most agonizing cries, carried to the ramparts and then hanged. After perpetrating this demon-like act the wretched monarch, faithful to his oath, immediately returned to Clipstone to enjoy the festivities of the table and the exciting pleasures of the chase.

Passing through the village of Edwinstowe, which is most charmingly situated within the very midst of the forest, and which boasts of an ancient though recently restored church, with a tall and somewhat graceful spire, I was not long ere I reached the ancient

ABBEY OF RUFFORD.

Here indeed is one of nature's sweetest solitudes, where no sound is heard save the melody of the woodland songsters the hurried splash of the water fowl, and the low booming of the venerable corn mill at the foot of the lake, where, according to tradition, the holy fathers of Rufford were wont to resort for the purpose of grinding their corn.

The estates of Rufford or Rugforde, were, previous to the Norman Conquest, held by Ulf, a Saxon Thane, but after that period, passed to Gilbert de Gaunt, nephew of the Conqueror, whose grandson, Gilbert, having been created Earl of Lincoln, founded, in 1148, on his Rufford estate an abbey for monks of the Cistercian order, and in honor of the blessed Virgin Mary. It was endowed with the lands of Rufford and other estates, colonised by monks brought by the founder from Rivaulx Abbey, in Yorkshire. Few remains of the holy brotherhood can now be traced save the noble building they inhabited, the history of both superiors and inferiors, abbot and monk, being, like their mortal remains, hidden in dust and obscurity.

At the period of the destruction of monastic houses by Henry the eighth, only fifteen monks were found in the abbey, with an annual revenue of £254. After their expulsion, the

abbey, together with the estate, were granted by the king to George, Earl of Shrewsbury, in exchange for some estates in Ireland. They passed by the marriage of the granddaughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury to Sir George Savile, of Barrowby, in Lincolnshire, from whom they have descended to the present owner, Henry Savile, Esq.

The entrance to this beautiful park is by a most magnificent gateway, erected by the late earl, each pillar of which is surmounted by the exquisitely modelled armorial bearings of the family. At once, on passing this stately portal, the venerable mansion bursts upon your view. It is a right good specimen of a baronial residence, although it boasts not the grandeur of a Clumber, or the exquisite glory of a Chatsworth, still there is something in its appearance which betokens *reality*.

Its architecture is partly that of the reign of King Stephen, the rest of the time of Henry the seventh. Several parts of it were ably restored by the late earl.

According to Thoroton, King James the first (accompanied by his sons, Prince Henry and Prince Charles,) frequently made Rufford head quarters during his hunting excursions in the surrounding and at that period densely wooded forest. A few years ago, some labourers, while excavating, dug up a stone containing the following inscription, in Latin :—"Here lies the body of Roger de Markham, monk of this house, on whose soul may the mercy of God show pity.—Amen. Who died on the 17th day of the calendar of April, in the year of our Lord 1239."

The interior has many attractions, amongst which is shown a richly-tapestried room used by George the fourth on his visit to Rufford, when Prince Regent, and to whose honor the then noble owner made Rufford Abbey as it were an "open house," and caused the whole domain to resound with amusement, festivity, and joy. *Apropos* of this royal visit to Rufford, I may tell you that the elder Dibdin was engaged as a sort of master of the ceremonies. During one of those delightful rambles in the neighbouring woods of which the poet frequently availed himself, he was struck with the occupation and manner of an aged woodman, beneath whose axe a venerable oak had just fallen. This common-place incident, although trifling in itself, was not lost upon the sensitive mind of Dibdin, it in fact gave rise to his celebrated song "The

Woodman's Stroke," which was first sung by the author on one of the evenings during the prince's stay at Rufford.

The Old Brick Hall is an attractive room, with a splendid oak screen of modern build, composed of grotesque masks, deep mouldings, and rich tracery of the Elizabethan period.

The Long Gallery is a fine room, 114 feet long and thirty-six feet broad, in which are many fine and valuable paintings worthy the attention of the connoisseur. When Laird visited Rufford, in 1811, he was horrified to find that the housekeeper had been directed to lock up two exquisite pictures in one of her presses below. "One of them," says he, "is a Dutch painting of a fiddler and group, and the other an old woman with flowers. The painter we believe is unknown, but the execution is exquisite. In short, as pictures, they may almost be considered as invaluable; and we could not help expressing our astonishment that two *Cabinet Bijoux* of such exquisite taste should be thus suffered to lie unseen amidst table cloths and napkins."

Some four pleasant miles from Rufford stands the less interesting, but more splendid residence, called

THORESBY,

the residence of that best of landlords, the generous, warm-hearted, Sailor-Lord, Earl Manvers.

This mansion was built by the last duke of Kingston, on the site of the old house which was burnt down on the 4th of March, 1745. It is a brick erection, standing upon a rusticated stone basement, and the principal front is adorned with a beautiful stone portico of the Ionic order. The first residence was celebrated as the birth-place of Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

There is a tone of grandeur and magnificence about the interior arrangements of this residence well calculated to gratify the visitor, but both time and space will prevent me from giving you a detailed account of its respective internal attractions.

The court yards, stables, offices, &c., are unusually spacious and well-arranged; and the gardens speak much in favor of the taste of the celebrated Duchess of Kingston, under whose

superintendence the greater part of them were constructed ; but all these appendages fall into utter insignificance when compared with the surpassing beauty of its very queen of parks.

Severed from ancient Sherwood whilst yet in her primitive splendor, this noble domain, forming an area of about thirteen square miles, has escaped the rude hand of the destroyer, and exists a glorious vestige of nature's unsparing handiwork and never-failing beauty. Time-defying oaks, lofty beeches, and venerable thorns clad in mistletoe, crowd upon the view at every turn ; whilst hundreds of deer sport, recline, and browse beneath their wide-spreading branches. The spacious and placid sheets of water lend additional and refreshing beauty to the scene, the miniature fort and full-rigged vessel guarding the large lake, indicating the early predilections of Thoresby's present lord.

And here I cannot refrain from alluding to the gratifying proceedings which took place in commemoration of the noble earl having attained the eightieth year of his age, on 11th August, 1858. Subscriptions were commenced by the inhabitants of the district, and on the 31st of that month a testimonial of affection and esteem was presented to the good old man ; and to add to the interest of the day, all the labourers, Sunday scholars and teachers were regaled in the quiet little town of Ollerton in old English style.

His lordship's tenantry, anxious to show their regard in a distinctive form, presented an address to their beloved and sympathising landlord, beautifully illuminated on vellum, and enclosed in a casket of ebony, with silver mountings of the arms of the family, monogram, and agricultural emblems, with the following inscription engraved :—

“Enclosed in this casket is the address presented to Charles Herbert Earl Manvers, by his tenantry, 1858.”

The address is as follows :—

“To the Right Honourable Charles Herbert, Earl Manvers.

“We, the undersigned, tenants of your lordship, residing in the several counties of Nottingham, Lincoln, Derby, and York, and many of us born upon the soil we now occupy, beg permission to approach your lordship with this humble expression of our respect and attachment, which our mutual connection for a long series of years induces us to offer.

“We feel that the uniform kindness and liberality which your lordship

has always shown as our landlord, call for our warmest acknowledgments; and we would endeavour, at the same time, to express our high appreciation of the strict justice and impartiality for which your lordship is so eminently distinguished in all transactions and in every relation in life.

"The large sums of money expended in permanent and other improvements on your various estates have added greatly to our individual success and prosperity: while the regular employment of so large a number of workpeople has been productive of the greatest benefit, not only to those employed, but also to the surrounding neighbourhood.

"The liberal support afforded by your lordship to schools and charities in almost every parish in which your property is situated, has tended still further to benefit those in your estates; and the bounties constantly dispensed to the poor and deserving have secured the deep gratitude of the numerous class amongst which they have been distributed.

"Whilst fully sensible of these advantages to ourselves and those connected with us, we cannot allow this opportunity to pass without expressing our admiration of the invaluable aid which your lordship has extended to many other noble and charitable institutions of a public character, as well in the county in which you reside, as in the country generally; not only by large pecuniary assistance, but also by unwearied personal exertion on behalf of their interests.

"That your lordship and the Countess Manvers, whose many virtues and amiable qualities are so widely known, may long be spared to your family, and to us; and that the Almighty may vouchsafe to you and to them the greatest of all blessings, both spiritual and temporal, is the earnest hope and prayer of your lordship's ever faithful and attached tenantry."

The pleasing ceremony of presentation took place on Friday, October 15th, 1858, in a large tent which had been erected for the purpose in the most picturesque part of his noble domain, within a few hundred yards of the romantic glades of Birkland and Bilhagh, where the oaks, to use the elegant language of the *Nottingham Journal*, (to the columns of which I am indebted for a most interesting account of the ceremony) —the ancient denizens of the forest still present their massive forms, and though most of them are in different stages of decay, yet they continue to stand, "great in ruin, noble in decay." What these ancient monarchs of the forest may have witnessed during the period they have been stationary here, for the last six or seven hundred years, could they but write, we know not! but we question whether ever a finer spectacle was seen than when the noble owner of these majestic oaks, himself far advanced in life, addressed his happy, prosperous, and numerous tenantry, on their presenting him their congratulatory address.

It was a sight "worthy of the gods," and Lord Manvers

himself must have been proud of his position; and whilst acknowledging the bounty of Providence, and the thanks of his tenantry, might have adopted as his temporary motto:—

Dei memor, gratus amicis."

Mindful of God; grateful to friends.

His lordship's reply was so characteristic of the man that I should consider the narrative incomplete without it.

He said:—

"Gentlemen,—Deeply sensible of the gratitude I owe to you all for the spontaneous compliment you have been pleased to pay me, I would willingly think that you have not taken a more favorable view of my conduct than it may deserve, and as there are *three* generations of the family now present, I may be allowed to pray that the other *two* may, in due time, have entitled themselves to a similar demonstration.

"With respect to the kind mention you have made of my inestimable wife, I will merely say, That she deserves it all, and ten per cent in addition! Indeed, I hardly dare trust myself *on that subject*, for fear my audience might be led to suppose that their antediluvian landlord was becoming garrulous."

These words were received with as hearty a round of cheers as ever resounded through the richly-arched mazes of "Merrie old Sherwood."

The village of

BUDBY,

which, as I have before stated, lies within the King's great Manor of Mansfield, is situate at the south-west corner of Thoresby Park, under a thickly-wooded acivity, with the river Meden gently flowing past. This village belongs solely to Lord Manvers, and is looked upon as the very model of village comfort and beauty, and, in truth, it well deserves the celebrity. The cottages are all built in the Swiss or Gothic style, and every attention must have been paid to the picturesque in their erection. The neat and luxuriant gardens with which they are surrounded, combine to make this pretty little town all that the most romantic and fastidious taste could wish. But why should I dwell upon one single scene, when all around is lovely! Permit me, therefore, to direct your steps along the wild and glorious tracts of Thoresby's noble park, into

the precincts of the no less beautiful specimen of Sherwood's ancient glory,

CLUMBER PARK,

Where "more dark
And dark the shades accumulate; the oak,
Extending its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame,
Most solemn domes within; and far below
The ash and the acacia floating hang,
Tremulous and pale."

This extensive, and for some reasons, perhaps the most beautiful park in the "Dukeries," adjoins Thoresby Park on the south, is about three miles in length and breadth, and comprises upwards of 3000 acres, of what, a century ago, was designated "a black heath, full of rabbits;" but where you now behold a constant succession of park-like scenery, rich in effect, and charming beyond measure to the lover of sylvan scenery. "The hills," says Throsby, "or rather rising grounds, are beautifully clothed with woody scenery, the lawns smooth, and the walks every where adorned with rich plantations, seated in the happiest succession."

As the visitor emerges from the thickly-wooded drive which leads from Thoresby, the effect, as he catches a first glimpse of the mansion and its silvery lake, is both enchanting and startling! His anticipations of the beauty and grandeur of this palace of the forest are more than realized.

"Here softest beauties open to my view,
Here many a flower expands its blushing charms,
Here the thick foliage wears a greener hue,
And lofty trees extend their leafy arms:
All things conspire to deck the milder scene,
And nature's gentlest form here smiles serene."

The peaceful lake winds gracefully through woods of nature's richest verdure, and along her peaceful waters glides the majestic swan, gently rippling the otherwise unbroken surface with his snowy breast. On the north side of her serpentine waters, rises, as though by enchantment, the princely residence of the Duke of Newcastle.

Who can wonder, as they gaze upon its loveliness, that poets have sung of its beauties, and poetasters have grown grandiloquent in their vain efforts to describe this

“Most living landscape!”

Gently receding from the water, are two flights of steps, which lead on to one of the most beautiful terraces, perhaps, in England. It is laid out in ornamental flower beds, profusely decorated with statuary, and having an elegant Italian marble fountain, supported by dolphins, in its centre.

A light Ionic colonnade, surmounted by the arms of the family, gives a graceful and pleasing effect to this front of the noble edifice. To the east of the terrace lie the conservatory and aviary, with other ornamental apartments for fossils, &c.

There are two other fronts to the house, which I need not here describe, so pass we then into the interior, by the

Grand Entrance Hall, a truly noble, lofty, and well-proportioned apartment, supported by graceful pillars. In it will be found some fine works of art, including an elegant marble medallion of a dolphin and Triton, some fine antique busts, and richly-inlaid marble tables. Next comes the

Staircase, light, elegant, and perfect in its style, decorated with richly-gilt balustrades, “curiously wrought and gilt in the shape of crowns, with tassels hanging down between them, from cords twisted into knots and festoons.”

It is adorned with a marble model of the Laocoon group, some Roman monuments, several fine paintings, a bust of the late duke, and many articles of vertu.

The Library, a most attractive place, is forty-five feet by thirty-one, and no less than twenty-one feet in height, fitted up with elegant mahogany cases, which contain a careful selection of classical literature. A rich Corinthian arch, supported by columns of jasper, opens into

The New Reading Room, thirty feet by twenty-seven, which was completed in 1832, and from the beautiful octagon window of which a most lovely view of the lake and pleasure grounds is obtained. Perhaps, however, the grandest feature in the interior of Clumber, is its noble

State Dining Room, rich in all its details, and perfect in all

its proportions! in length sixty feet, in breadth thirty-four feet, in height thirty feet; it is in truth the admiration of all beholders. In this spacious saloon, 150 guests can readily be accommodated. The ceilings and panels are richly gilt; and, in fact, all the decorations reflect the highest credit upon the refined taste of those whose liberality prompted its erection.

I feel that further details of the apartments are unnecessary, inasmuch as all of them are fitted up in fine accordance with those I have briefly described, and well deserve the glowing eulogium of a former *visitor*, who says that "everything about the house breathes the essence of taste and 'the very soul of magnificence!'"

The lovers of the fine arts have indeed a rich treat in store; the seven paintings in the dining room alone being valued at £25,000; and probably I cannot better close my brief and imperfect description of this ducal residence than by appending a catalogue of the chief pictures, with the able and judicious criticisms of the talented Dr. Waagen.

COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT CLUMBER PARK.

This collection is especially adorned by fine specimens of the Netherlandish school, and also contains a few by Italian and French masters.

State Dining Room.—SNYDERS.—1, 2, 3, 4. Four large pictures with poultry, fruit, and fish. On one of them are figures, by Langjan, in the act of selling fish. These are excellent specimens of the master.

JAN WEENIX.—A large landscape, in which is a large urn; in the foreground a dog with dead game. This is a picture of the first-class by the master in point of composition, power, truth, mastery of execution, and size.

ZUCHARELLI.—1 and 2. Two landscapes of upright form, with cattle, belonging to his best works.

Breakfast Room.—GAINSBOROUGH.—A beggar child. Naïve and lively in feeling, and of masterly execution.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.—A small wooded landscape, with a piece of water. Of cool tone, with the exception of the warm sky.

POELEMBERG.—A landscape with ruins, and nymphs close by. Of great delicacy.

JACOB RUYSDAEL.—1. A stormy sea, with breakers in the foreground. Several boats, and one with a red sail: on the left a pier; on the right, in the distance, a ship. Signed. A very spirited work, of masterly execution.

HOLBEIN.—A male portrait in a black dress and cap; the background of landscape character. An admirable work of his middle time.

JAN BREUGHEL.—Spring; represented by the reign of Flora. The goddess herself is by ROTHENHAMMER. An excellent picture of moderate size.

JACOB RUYSDAEL.—2. A wooded eminence, with a house upon it, partly in sunshine; before it a field and garden in full sunshine. The sky is lightly treated in the taste of Hobbema. An excellent and careful picture of his earlier time.

JAN MOSTAERT.—The Virgin standing in a purple mantle, holding the Child, the lower limbs of whom are covered with a cloth; at the sides are three angels, one of them playing the lute, another extending a pink with a joyful expression; the figures of two angels in stone upon two columns, holding festoons of flowers: through an arch is the view of a landscape and a church; in the church is seen a rose-coloured carpet worked with gold, of rare delicacy; a small portion of the picture is broken off above which interferes with an inscription; in niches are the stone statues of two prophets. One of the most beautiful works of the master, who belongs in point of feeling and technical treatment to the Van Eyck school. About 1-ft. 6-in. high and 1-ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wide.

Dining Room.—TENIERS.—1. A rather large landscape. In front of a house is a maid-servant sweeping. Painted in a silvery tone, but the treatment of scenic character.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS.—Landscape with a stag-hunt. Of highly dramatic composition.

VAN OS.—Flower and fruit piece. Sunny in effect in the style of Van Huysum, and very careful.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.—A small picture, with two trees in the centre, and three cows in front. Of delicate painting in a cool tone.

The Crimson Drawing Room.—FRANCESCO FURINI.—Sigismunda lamenting over the heart of Tancred. Of deep feeling, and warm and clear colouring.

GASPAR POUSSIN.—1 and 2. Two very poetic landscapes. Companion pictures.

BATHISTA FRANCO.—The Baptism of Christ.

GUIDO RENI.—Artemisia. In his coldest tones.

RUBENS.—1. A girl smelling a flower.

REMBRANDT.—Portrait of a man holding a roll of paper in his right hand, and lifting a curtain with his left. Carefully painted in his bright golden tones.

RUBENS.—2. A woman with a bunch of grapes. Companion to the foregoing, and of the same style. Both belong probably to some series representing the five senses.

GASPAR POUSSIN.—3. A large landscape, with a hill in the middle distance; behind which is the Roman Campagna, terminated by a warm horizon. Of marvellous poetry and transparency, and careful execution.

VAN UDEN and TENIERS.—2. A village with various figures.

Large Drawing Room.—VANDYCK.—Rinaldo and Armida. Full length, life-size figures. Of pleasing composition, animated heads, and brownish colouring. The beautiful landscape is warm in colouring.

BENEDETTO CASTIGLIONE.—The finding of Cyrus. Full length, life-size figures. A very good work of the master.

Staircase.—SNYDERS.—A lioness tearing a boar. Of animated and spirited treatment.

Anti-Room.—HOLBEIN.—A male portrait, with a cap and a bâton, purporting to be that of Sir Thomas More.

Chaplain's Room.—TENIERS.—3. A cow-stable; a woman pouring milk into a pail, and speaking to a man standing before the door, a boy and a calf are striking objects. A rather large picture, of great truth, especially a brown cow, and powerfully painted in a clear colour.

4. A landscape. In the foreground a shepherd playing the flute, a party in front of a house. Of sunny effect and careful finish.

GAINSBOROUGH.—A very successful landscape.

WILSON.—A landscape with a piece of water, very attractive.

LETTER VII.

WELBECK ABBEY.

“ And one, an English home—gray twilight pour’d
On dewy pastures, dewy trees,
Softer than sleep—all things in order stored,
A haunt of ancient Peace.”

IN passing through the almost endless plantations which appear to surround this venerable seat, it is impossible not to admire both the rich beauty of the scenery, as well as the luxuriant evidences of the unprecedented zeal of his grace and his immediate predecessor in promoting the growth of timber. And all the country round is a wide model of that fine system of farming for which the noble owner and his tenantry have long been celebrated.

The original abbey was founded in the reign of King Stephen, by Thomas de Fleming, who held the manor of Cuckney, by the service “of shoeing the king’s palfrey upon all four feet, with the king’s nails, as oft as he should be at Mansfield.” He dedicated the church to St. James, and gave all the adjacent lands belonging to him, in “meadows, pastures, woods, and tillage, in perpetual alms to Sir Berengarius, the abbot, and to all his successors, and the brethren there regularly serving God, for his own soul, and his father’s and mother’s, and all his ancestors, and *all their’s from whom he had unjustly taken their goods!*” To this grant he, and several of his descendants, added other valuable property; and Robert de Manill, Lord of Whitwell, gave to the church of Welbeck a quarry in his land, wherever it might be found most convenient, to build the said church of St. James, and other offices.

Many other noble benefactions followed, including a grant by Edward the fourth, in the nineteenth year of his reign, which provided "that they should have plenty of such good things as the woods and fields afforded," including *free warren*, or the liberty to kill venison and game over twenty-six lordships, viz., four in Lincolnshire, eighteen in Nottinghamshire, and four in Derbyshire. Ten years afterwards, the same monarch granted other important privileges, so that this noble foundation eventually became one of the richest abbeys in the kingdom.

In the 13th Henry the eighth, (the year of its dissolution), its annual revenues amounted to £250. It was first purchased by Richard Whalley, from whom it passed to Sir Charles Cavendish, who, as I have before stated, was the youngest son of the Countess of Shrewsbury. Sir Charles' son became Duke of Newcastle, and wrote the celebrated treatise upon horsemanship; and he it was who erected the beautiful riding house at Welbeck, (1623) which for extent and fine proportion is not equalled probably by anything of the kind in the kingdom. From this family the present Duke of Portland is maternally descended.

Few remnants of the ancient abbey now remain, and these are old sepulchral monuments, affixed to some of the inner walls, the rest having been erected so recently as 1604. The style, however, is in strict accordance with its former character, and its pointed gables, clustered chimneys, battlements, turrets, and towers, all unite in giving to Welbeck Abbey a remarkable and antiquated appearance.

The present noble owner recently made several valuable additions to the abbey in the shape of out-offices, stables, kennels, spacious gardens, gas works, &c., &c., all bespeaking the correct taste of the duke and the skill of his grace's architect, Mr. Chas. Jas. Neale, of Mansfield, under whose supervision the works have been carried out.

The general tone and appearance of the abbey as a residence, have been greatly improved since my last visit, the interior decorations alone being of a superb and costly kind, and giving a lightness and elegance to the noble suites of rooms to which they had hitherto been strangers.

The most attractive features in the interior are the choice paintings and rare collections of miniatures, for the following

list and criticisms upon which I am indebted to the able pen and refined taste of Dr. Waagen.

COLLECTION OF PICTURES AT WELBECK ABBEY.

Although this collection consists principally of pictures of the Netherlandish school, yet good works by Italian, German, French, and English masters are also here. A rich series of portraits in miniature is also an attraction in this collection. It was commenced by Harley, Earl of Oxford, carried on by his son, the second earl, and further increased by Vertue for the widow of the latter.

Ante-Room.—CASPAR NETSCHER.—Portrait of King William III.

MELCHIOR HONDEKOETER.—1 and 2. Two pictures with water-fowls, and a family of hen and chickens belong to his good works.

FRANS HALS.—Portrait of an old woman.

ROLAND SAVERY.—An animal piece. Rich and good.

VANDYCK (?).—Charles I. on a horse of pale colour. Like the picture at Blenheim.

SCHOOL OF GIOVANNI BELLINI.—Holy Family, in a landscape, with the animated portrait of the donor.

In this apartment, in a series of frames under glass, is the collection of miniatures. It was very interesting to trace portraits from the time of Henry VIII. to Queen Anne—among which, those by the hands of ISAAC and PETER OLIVER, NICHOLAS HILLIARD, SAMUEL COOPER, FLATMAN, HOSKINS, PETITOT, ZINCKE, and LENS, are remarkable.

Small Drawing Room.—HENRICK VAN STEENWYCK.—1. A room, with St. Jerome and his lion. Signed and dated 1624. Carefully executed in a very clear and bright tone.

JOHANN VAN CALCAR.—(Scholar of Titian).—Sketch for the fine male portrait in the Louvre, here called a Titian. Very interesting.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—1. The late Duke of Portland, as a boy, in a landscape. The conception is very animated, the colouring warm, but the forms somewhat empty.

HENRICK VAN STEENWYCK.—2. The deliverance of St. Peter. A large, careful, and warm picture of good effect.

JAN BOTH.—A large landscape, with a piece of very transparent water.

VANDYCK.—1. Sir Kenelm Digby, in a purple dress, his wife in blue, and two children. To the knees. The background architecture, a curtain, and a landscape. This is a duplicate of the picture in the possession of the Queen. Carefully painted in a warm though somewhat heavy tone.

CARLO DOLCE.—St. Cecilia. An excellent picture by the master. The hands resembling those of the same saint in the gallery at Dresden.

VANDYCK.—2. Portrait of William of Orange, afterwards William III.

SNYDERS.—1. Two lionesses following a roe. Very animated and masterly, and not inferior to the same composition in the gallery at Munich.

VANDYCK.—3. Archbishop Laud. Almost to the knees. Very animated, and of careful painting in a warm tone. The hand is particularly excellent.

GASPAR POUSSIN.—A small landscape.

Large Drawing Room.—JACOB RUYSDAEL.—A landscape with grand oaks and a piece of water. Figures in the foreground. A fine composition, but now dark and brown in tone.

PHILIP WOUVERMANS.—A hunting party. A huntsman blowing a bugle.

SASSOFERRATO.—The Madonna praying. An excellent example of this often-repeated picture. Of a very warm tone.

TINTORETTO.—Portrait of a man with his left hand on a book, and the right pointing to something. Of very animated feeling and carefully painted.

ANNIBALE CARRACCI.—St. John the Baptist, seated in a landscape, pointing to Christ, who is seen in the distance. Decidedly realistic, but of great energy, and painted in a brown tone. The landscape is poetic.

WILLEM VAN DE VELDE.—1. A calm, with various small vessels. A gun is being fired from a large ship. A delicate picture in a warm tone.

2.—The companion. Also a calm sea, with several boats. One of them on the left in the foreground, with its white sail reflected in the water. Admirable.

RAPHAEL (?).—An early and careful copy of Francis I's. Holy Family, in the Louvre.

PAUL BRIL.—Landscape, with a piece of water. A delicate picture of the best time of the master.

PETER NEEFS.—Interior of a church by candlelight. Of great delicacy.

VANDYCK.—A child upon a bed. Of great charm and very lively.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Lord Richard Cavendish, in youthful years. Very true and energetic, and of masterly painting.

GASPAR POUSSIN.—1. A landscape, of upright form. In the foreground two figures reposing.

2.—The companion to this.

CLAUDE LORRAINE.—A landscape with a shepherd and shepherdess in the foreground.

VANDYCK.—5. An Antwerp senator.

Dining Room.—JAN GRIFFIER.—A very pretty landscape.

SNYDERS.—2, 3, 4, and 5. Four large pictures.

TITIAN.—Portrait of a man leaning on his left hand. Spirited in conception, and of masterly execution, in golden tones.

VANDYCK.—6. Lord Stratford. A bâton in his right hand. With the left he is pointing to a helmet next him. The background landscape. Of spirited conception, and executed in the same broken flesh-tones as the picture in Wentworth House.

HONDEKOETER.—1 and 2. Two good pictures of poultry.

GIACOMO BASSAMO.—1 and 2. Two unusually transparent works.

REMBRANDT (?).—His own portrait, in aged years.

CORNELIS JANSEN (?).—This is called the portrait of the Dutch Admiral Tromp; it, however, is decidedly that of Admiral Ruyter, by another and also excellent master.

RUBENS.—1. A Triton with sea-nymphs, and boys carrying festoons of fruit. In chiarascuro. Spirited.

Staircase.—VAN DER MEULEN.—A siege. Of considerable extent. This appears to be a good picture.

Gothic Hall.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—2, 3, 4, and 5. Four pictures: Charity, Hope, and two other allegorical figures. These are meritorious works, though inferior to those of a similar kind in the possession of Lord Normanton.

6.—An angel on clouds, in a large arched space. Of great softness and transparency.

7.—William Bentinck, third Duke of Portland, in a red dress, seated thoughtfully before a desk. Of very animated conception.

Entrance Hall.—HOLBEIN.—Portrait of a man in black dress, holding a palm in his left hand, and a small book in a bag, on which are five little red crosses, in his right. The ground green. A most admirable picture, in excellent preservation.

PETER BREUGHEL THE YOUNGER, called HELL BREUGHEL.—A tournament between an old woman and a man upon a barrel. A rich composition in his broad comic vein. It hangs between the windows.

A Smaller Room.—GERARD HONTHORST.—The adoration of the shepherds. A good picture of the master.

SNYDERS.—1, 2, and 3. Two wild boar hunts and a bull fight. Good works.

Pleasing and beautiful though this mansion from its situation undoubtedly is, I do not find many very remarkable reminiscences connected with its history, except that it has on several occasions been visited by royalty.

In 1619, King James paid Sir William Cavendish a visit at Welbeck, where he was entertained with the greatest magnificence. The following year Sir William was created Baron Ogle.

In 1633, King Charles the first, making his progress into Scotland to be crowned, did the noble proprietor the honor of resting at Welbeck, where his majesty and court "were received in such a manner, and with such excess of feasting as had scarcely ever been known in England." On this occasion the services of Ben Jonson were secured to write plays, or masques, the performance of which was for the amusement of

the royal party. The first of these is entitled "Love's Welcome; the King's Entertainment at Welbeck, in Nottinghamshire, a House of the Right Honorable William, Earl of Newcastle, Viscount Mansfield, Baron of Bothal and Bolsover, &c., at his going into Scotland, 1633." Gifford in speaking of this masque says, "the object was merely to introduce in a kind of anti-masque a course of *Quintain*, performed by the gentlemen of the county, neighbours of this great earl, in the guise of rustics, in which much awkwardness was affected, and much real dexterity probably shown." The following eulogium upon the unfortunate monarch appears towards the conclusion of the piece, which being now rare, may not be an uninteresting extract :

" Such a king

As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him ! A prince that's law
Unto himself ; is good for goodness' sake—
And so becomes the rule unto his subjects ;
That studies not to seem or to show great,
But be ! Not dressed for others' eyes and ears,
With visors and false rumours, but make fame
Wait on his actions, and thence speak his name."

The Welbeck gardens are much celebrated for their beauty and extent, and are well-supplied with rare exotics and choice fruit.

Within the precincts of the park are many noble and remarkable trees, foremost of which, in antiquity and interest, stands

The Greendale Oak, which has not inaptly been called the "Methuselah of trees."

Major Rooke, in speaking of this tree in 1779, says, "this famous oak is thought to be above 700 years old, and from its appearance, there is every reason to suppose it has attained to that age at least. The circumference of the trunk above the arch is thirty-five feet three inches ; height of the arch ten feet three inches ; width about the middle six feet three inches ; height to the top branch fifty-four feet. The Countess of Oxford had several cabinets made of the branches and ornamented with inlaid representations of the oak." The height of this tree at the present time is about fifty feet, and

its principal attraction consists in its having an archway cut through its sturdy trunk sufficiently wide, as the "natives" say, for a carriage and four horses to drive through!

This singular and withal interesting aperture was made in 1724, and was then higher than the entrance to Westminster abbey! About 1646, this oak was eighty-eight feet high, the diameter of the head being eighty-one feet.

No lover of the beautiful in nature can gaze upon this venerable relic without deep interest,

"So grand in weakness—e'en in his decay
So venerable—'twere sacrilege t' escape
The consecrating touch of time."
* * * * *

"Time hollow'd in its trunk
A tomb for centuries, and buried there
The epochs of the rise and fall of states,
The fading generations of the world,
The memory of men."

The Porters' Oaks are so called from there having been a gate between them. The dimensions of these trees, as given by Major Rooke, are : height of one ninety-eight feet, the other eighty-eight feet: circumference of the former at bottom thirty-eight feet, the latter thirty-four feet.

The Seven Sisters is another interesting tree, and so called from its having had seven stems or trunks issuing out of one stool, in a perpendicular direction. The same authority gives the height of this tree as eighty-eight feet, and the circumference at the bottom at thirty-four feet.

The Duke's Walking Stick is described by the major as being in height 111 feet six inches ; solid contents 440 feet ; weight eleven tons ! "It may be doubted," says he, "whether this admirable tree can be matched by any other in the kingdom." This noble fellow has, alas! long ceased to exist, and its title transferred to a fine young oak near the abbey, straight as a pike staff, and nearly 100 feet in height, and seventy feet to the branches. This "youngster" is about 130 years old.

At the lower end of the beautiful winding lake at Welbeck, and within sight on one side of the abbey, and on the other

of the Mansfield and Worksop turnpike road, the noble duke is now erecting, at an enormous expense, a beautiful iron bridge, of graceful proportions, and calculated to have, from every point of view, a most imposing effect.* A short distance from it is the gate and the oak tree near which, on the 21st September, 1848, the lifeless body of Lord George Bentinck was found.

On the west side of Welbeck park is an ancient and extensive mansion, called Woodhouse Hall, which is even now surrounded by a moat, and presents a venerable appearance. Thoroton says that the first earl of Kingston, who died in 1643, resided here "the most part of forty years;" and there is no doubt but it originally belonged to the neighbouring village of Cuckney, and was, in fact, the site of the castle of Cuckney, erected by the founder of Welbeck Abbey. This rarely visited but interesting residence is now occupied by a respectable farmer.

In concluding this account of Welbeck Abbey, I would fain have expatiated upon the many noble qualities, generous impulses, and exalted virtues of its venerable owner,† but the

*This elegant structure has since been removed, in order to make way for certain extensive alterations which the present noble and spirited owner of Welbeck is making.

†Since the first edition of this work was published, the venerable nobleman who then lived in the hearts and affections of both tenantry, retainers, and friends, has paid the solemn debt of nature. He died on Monday, the 27th of March, 1854, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. In accordance with the wish expressed some time previously that he should be interred in Bolsover church, derives some interest from the fact that it is upwards of a century since the last member of the noble family from which his grace derived his descent was here buried; it being his wish to remove the occasion for pomp and ostentation which would have existed had his body been removed to London, for interment in the family vault at St. Mary-le-bone, where the late duchess, his lamented son, Lord George Bentinck, and other near relatives have found their last resting place. His last instructions to his executors appear to have been that his funeral should be conducted in the plainest and most simple manner possible; and that the utmost sum to be expended for such a purpose, should be £100. The interment took place on the 4th of April.

It, is however, no small pleasure to reflect that previous to that sad event a spirited portrait of the "fine old English gentleman" was, at the earnest request of his tenantry, taken by F. Grant, R.A. The picture now graces the ancient walls of Welbeck, and many are the well-engraved copies which are to be found in the dwellings of his admirers.

sentiments in an address, presented to his grace some time ago, are so well expressed, that I prefer sending you a copy of it.

"To the Most Noble William Henry Cavendish Scott, Duke of Portland.

"We, the inhabitants of Mansfield and its vicinity, in public meeting assembled, beg most warmly to congratulate your grace upon an event which cannot but be hailed with pleasure by every one to whom your many virtues are known, namely, that of completing your eightieth year.

"It is, under *ordinary* circumstances, highly gratifying to see the good and the great in life enjoying a revered and honorable old age; but when such blessings fall to the lot of one possessing so large a share of our veneration and regard as your grace has ever done, we feel a pleasure which language can but feebly express.

"As a liberal benefactor to the district in which we reside, and as a promoter of every object calculated to soothe and alleviate the sorrows and sufferings of our poorer fellow-creatures, or to advance the cause of religion and education—at once kind, charitable, and humane, your name is affectionately endeared to us; and our earnest hope is, that it may please Almighty God to continue His blessing towards you, so that you may long remain in the uninterrupted enjoyment of health and happiness, and also of that peace of mind 'which passeth understanding.'

"Dated at Mansfield, this 27th day of June, 1848.

(Signed)

"FRAS. HALL, Chairman."

Here then my pleasant task concludes. Hurried and imperfect as these descriptions are, they may, I hope, both gratify and amuse you: beyond this I do not aspire. For my own part, in looking back upon my rambles—whether I think of the sacred edifices which the zeal and devotion of former generations raised to the service of God—or of the extent and splendour of the baronial halls I have attempted to describe—or of all the interesting scenes with which nature's most lovely domain, "Old Sherwood," is studded—I feel more than gratified with my visit to this charming portion of our native land, and exclaim with the American poet—

"O what a glory doth this world put on,
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind—aye, and the yellow leaves—
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings."

APPENDIX.

NOTE.—LETTER IV. PAGE 24.

ROBIN HOOD.

It will scarcely be expected that one should be able to offer an authentic narrative of the life and transactions of this extraordinary personage. The times in which he lived, the mode of life he adopted, and the silence or loss of contemporary writers, are circumstances sufficiently favourable indeed to romance, but altogether inimical to historical truth. The reader must therefore be contented with such detail, however scanty or imperfect, as a zealous pursuit of the subject enables one to give; and which, though it may fail to satisfy, may probably serve to amuse.

The industrious Sir John Hawkins, from whom the public had been previously taught to expect ample gratification upon the subject, acknowledges that the history of this popular hero is but little known, and all the scattered fragments concerning him, could they be brought together, would fall far short of satisfying such an inquirer as none but real and well-authenticated facts will content. "We must," he says, "take the story as we find it." It is not therefore pretended that the present attempt promises more than to bring together the scattered fragments to which the historian alludes. This, however, has been done according to the best of the compiler's information and abilities; and the result is, with a due sense of the deficiency of both, submitted to the reader's candour.

Robin Hood was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the second, and about the

year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name was *Robert Fitzoothes*, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into Robin Hood. He is frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been, Earl of Huntingdon; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension. In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition; insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered. Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and, according to some, Plompton Park, in Cumberland. Here he either found or was afterwards joined by a number of persons in similar circumstances:

“Such as the fury of ungovern’d youth,
Thrust from the company of awful men,”

who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favorites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were Little John, (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor*), William Scadlock (Scathelock or Scarlet), George-a-Green, pindar or pound-keeper of Wakefield, Much, a miller’s son, and a certain monk or friar named Tuck. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian.

His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; men, says Major, “most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack.” His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, “whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and hardines he would desgyse himselfe, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger, to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe them to lyve after his fashion:” a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which they chiefly practised,

“they excelled all the men of the land ; though as occasion required, they had also other weapons.”

In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independent sovereign ; at perpetual war, indeed, with the King of England, and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were “desolate and oppressed,” or stood in need of his protection. When molested by a superior force in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks as for their clandestine treachery.

It is not, at the same time, to be concluded that he must, in this opposition, have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion ; as he most certainly can be justly charged with neither. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance : “his hand was against every man, and every man’s hand against him.” These forests, in short, were his territories ; those who accompanied and adhered to him, his subjects.

The world was not his friend, nor the world’s law.

And what better title King Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Barnsdale or Sherwood is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher.

The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman tyrant being, like Nimrod, “a mighty hunter before the Lord,”) would afford our hero and his companions an amply supply of food throughout the year ; and of fuel, for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessities would be easily procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

It may be readily imagined that such a life, during a great part of the year, at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subjected, might be sufficiently pleasant and desirable, and even deserve the compliment which is paid to it by Shakspeare, in his comedy,

As you like it, (act 1, scene 1), where, on Oliver's asking, "Where will the old duke live?" Charles answers, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England; * * * and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." But, on the other hand, it will be at once difficult and painful to conceive,

When they did hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In that their pinching cave, they could discourse
The freezing hours away!

Their mode of life, in short, and domestic economy, of which no authentic particulars have been traditionally preserved, are more easily to be guessed at than described.

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him "*ille famosissimus sicarius*:" that most celebrated robber; and Major terms him and Little John, "*famatissimi latrones*." But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that in these exertions of power he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted; that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took anything from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. "I disapprove," says he, "of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane and the prince of all robbers." In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honor to being compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter's own time.

Our hero, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular, in decided aversion.

"These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde,"

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers:

and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, he may find ample justification in the accounts of the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and hypocrisy of a portion of the clergy of that day, who were supported and pampered in luxury, at the expense of those whom the craft of the Romish priesthood retained in superstitious ignorance and irrational servility. The abbot of St. Mary's, in York, from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by particular animosity; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (friar Tuck, no doubt,) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted), he was espied by a certain sheriff and officers belonging to the king, who had frequently before molested him in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which, out of reverence to the sacrament which he was then most devoutly worshipping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin, confiding solely in Him whom he reverently worshipped, with a very few who by chance were present, set upon his enemies, whom he easily vanquished; and, being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly said—

Him God does surely hear
Who oft to th' mass gives ear.

Having for a long series of years maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in, either dead or alive; which, how-

ever, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose. At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved in a fit of sickness by being let blood, he applied for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkley's nunnery, in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being in those times somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present), by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31st year of King Henry III, and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct,) about the 87th of his age. He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house, a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory.

Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and independence, which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he maintained, (for opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people); and which, in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

"Dum juga montis aper-fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

With respect to his personal character; it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; possessed of uncommon bodily strength, and considerable military skill; just, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety; and piety, by a priest, is regarded as the perfection of virtue. Major (as we have seen) pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him "*prædonem mitissimum*," the gentlest of thieves.

As proofs of his universal and singular popularity, his story and exploits have been made the subject as well of various dramatic exhibitions as innumerable poems, rhymes, songs and ballads. He has given rise to divers proverbs; and to swear

by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice. He may be regarded as the patron of archery; and, though not actually canonized, (a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his lifetime as after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed, give him an indisputable claim), he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates, and that as well in Scotland as in England; being considered, in the former country, of the highest political importance, and as essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people; the efforts of the government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection. His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, cap, and slipper, were preserved with great care till within the last century; and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name: a name which, in the middle of the present century, was conferred as an honourable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar.

After his death his company was dispersed. History is silent in particulars: all that we can, therefore, learn is, that the honour of Little John's death and grave is contended for by rival nations; that the place of his (real or reputed) burial was long "celebrious for the yielding of excellent whetstones;" and that some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the seventeenth century.

LIST OF PLANTS

GROWING IN AND ABOUT MANSFIELD.

<i>Agrostemma githago</i>	Corn Cockle
<i>Achillea millefolium</i>	Yarrow
<i>Alchemilla vulgaris</i>	Ladies' Mantle
<i>Anagallis tenella</i>	Bog Pimpernel
<i>Anagallis arvensis</i>	Scarlet Pimpernel
<i>Anemone nemorosa</i>	Wild Anemone or Wind Flower
<i>Ballota nigra</i>	Black Horehound
<i>Bidens tripartita</i>	Bur-Marygold
<i>Blechnum boreale</i>	Hard Fern
<i>Botrychium lunaria</i>	Moonwort
<i>Campanula hybrida</i>	Corn Bellflower
<i>Campanula rotundifolia</i>	Common Bellflower
<i>Calluna vulgaris</i>	Common Ling
<i>Conyza squarrosa</i>	Plowman's Spikenard
<i>Cerastium vulgatum</i>	Mouse-ear Chickweed
<i>Chelidonium majus</i>	Greater Celandine
<i>Cuscuta Europæa</i>	Greater Dodder
<i>Digitalis purpurea</i>	Foxglove
<i>Drosera rotundifolia</i>	Round-leaved Sundew
<i>Epilobium hirsutum</i>	Willowherb
<i>Erodium Cicutarium</i>	Hemlock Storksbill
<i>Erodium maritimum</i>	Sea Storksbill
<i>Erythraea centaurium</i>	Common Centory
<i>Euphrasia officinalis</i>	Eyebright
<i>Erica cinerea</i>	Common Heath
<i>Erica tetralix</i>	Cross-leaved Heath
<i>Eriophorum angustifolium</i>	Cotton Grass
<i>Echium vulgare</i>	Viper's Bugloss
<i>Fumaria officinalis</i>	Fumitory
<i>Galium cruciatum</i>	Crosswort
<i>Galium saxatile</i>	Heath Bedstraw
<i>Galium luteum</i>	Ladies' Bedstraw

<i>Genista scoparius</i>	Common Broom
<i>Gentiana campestri</i>	Field Gentian
<i>Geum urbanum</i>	Avens or Herb Bennet
<i>Galeopsis villosa</i>	Downy Hemp Nettle
<i>Galeopsis tetrahit</i>	Common Hemp Nettle
<i>Hydrocotyle vulgaris</i>	Marsh Penny
<i>Hypericum perforatum</i>	St. John's Wort
<i>Hypericum pulchrum</i>	Upright St. John's Wort
<i>Jasione montana</i>	Sheep's-bit
<i>Linaria vulgaris</i>	Common Toad Flax
<i>Linaria minor</i>	Least Toad Flax
<i>Lithospermum officinalis</i>	Common Gromwell
<i>Lotus corniculatus</i>	Common Birdsfoot Trefoil
<i>Lychnis dioica</i>	Campion
<i>Lycopodium Clavatum</i>	Club Moss
<i>Malva rotundifolia</i>	Common Mallow
<i>Malva moschata</i>	Musk Mallow
<i>Melampyrum pratense</i>	Common Yellow Cow Wheat
<i>Mercurialis perennis</i>	Dog's Mercury
<i>Menyanthes trifoliata</i>	Bog Bean
<i>Myosotis palustris</i>	Forget me not
<i>Ornithopus purpusillus</i>	Haresfoot Trefoil
<i>Papaver Rhæas</i>	Red Poppy
<i>Polygala vulgaris</i>	Milk Wort
<i>Panassia palustris</i>	Grass of Parnassus
<i>Pedicularis palustris</i>	Lousewort
<i>Polygonum persicaria</i>	Spotted Persicaria
<i>Quercus Robur</i>	English Oak
<i>Reseda luteola</i>	Yellow Dyer's Weed
<i>Scabiosa arvensis</i>	Field Scabious
<i>Saponaria officinalis</i>	Soap Wort
<i>Sculettaria galericulata</i>	Skullcap
<i>Spergula arvensis</i>	Spuney
<i>Sherardia arvensis</i>	Spurwort
<i>Spiræa ulmaria</i>	Meadow Sweet
<i>Stellaria graminea</i>	Lesser Stitchwort
<i>Teesdalia nudicaulis</i>	Teesdalia
<i>Thymus acinos</i>	Basil Thyme
<i>Tormentilla reptans</i>	Creeping Tormentilla
<i>Ulex nanus</i>	Dwarf Furze
<i>Ulex Europæus</i>	Common Gorse
<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i>	Bilberry
<i>Vaccinium Vitis Idæa</i>	Cowberry
<i>Verbascum Thapsus</i>	Common Mullien
<i>Verbascum nigrum</i>	Black Mullien
<i>Veronica officinalis</i>	Common Speedwell

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SWAN HOTEL, MANSFIELD.

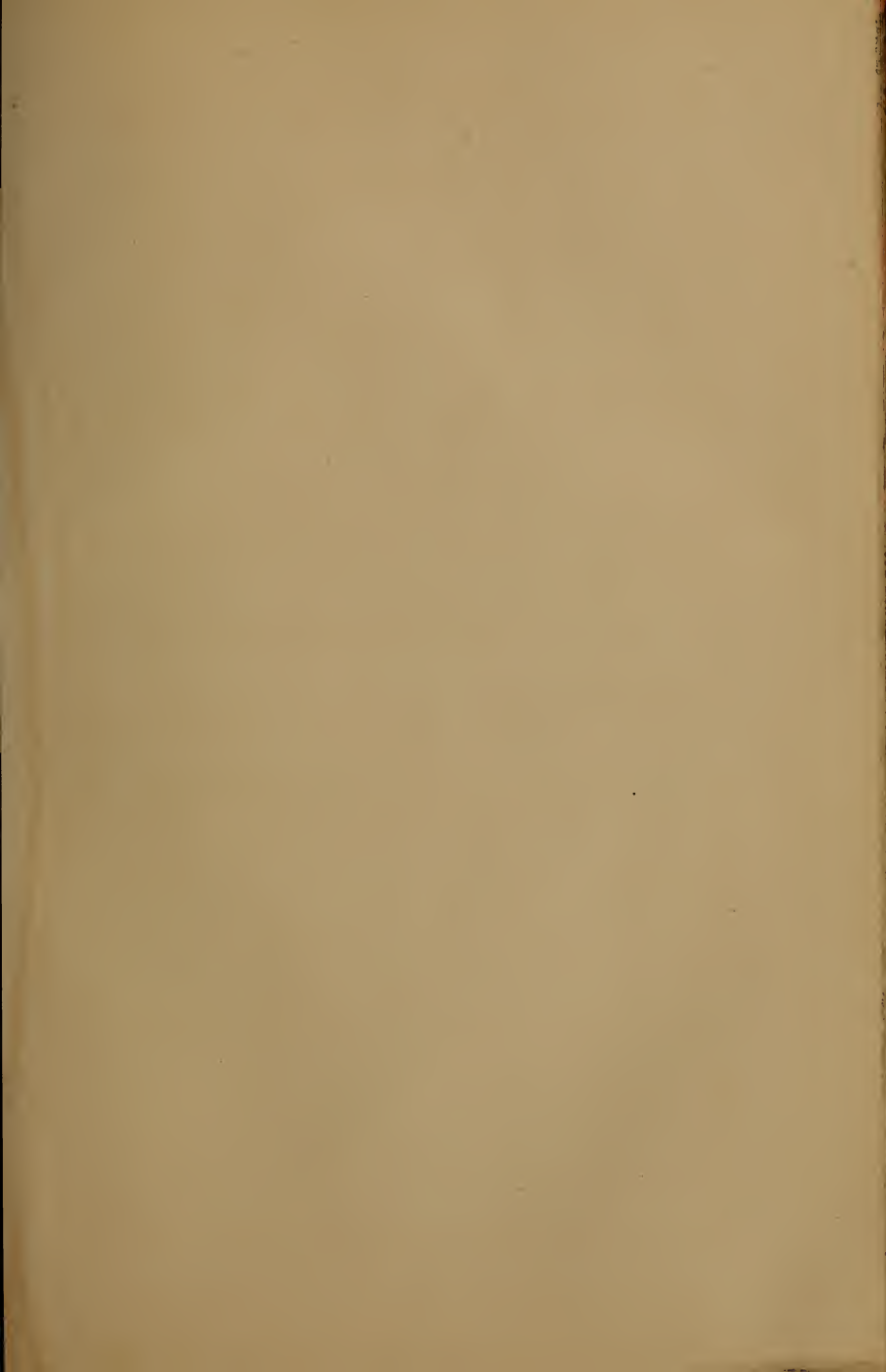
POST HORSES, OMNIBUSES, &c.

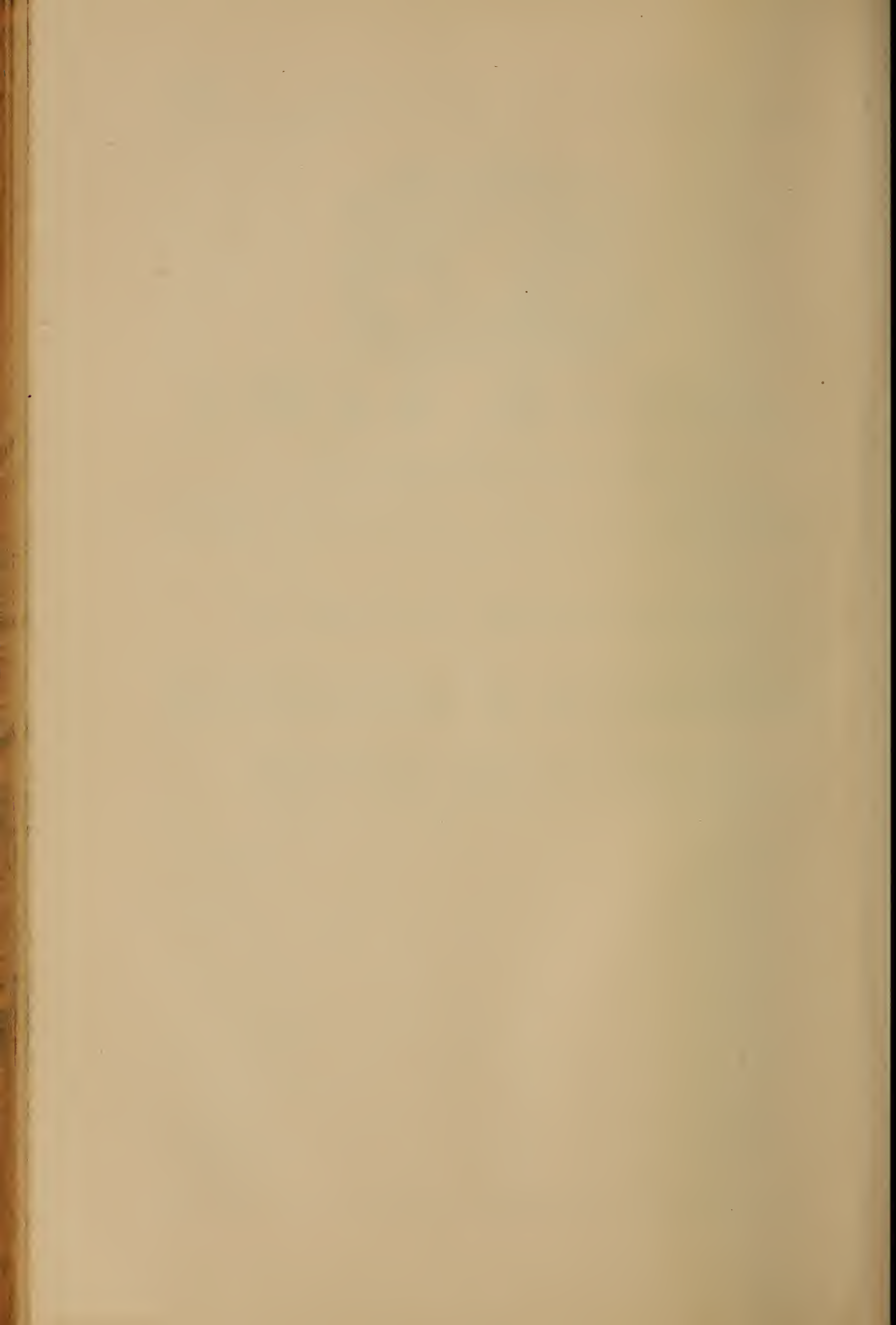
R. WHITE, PROPRIETOR.

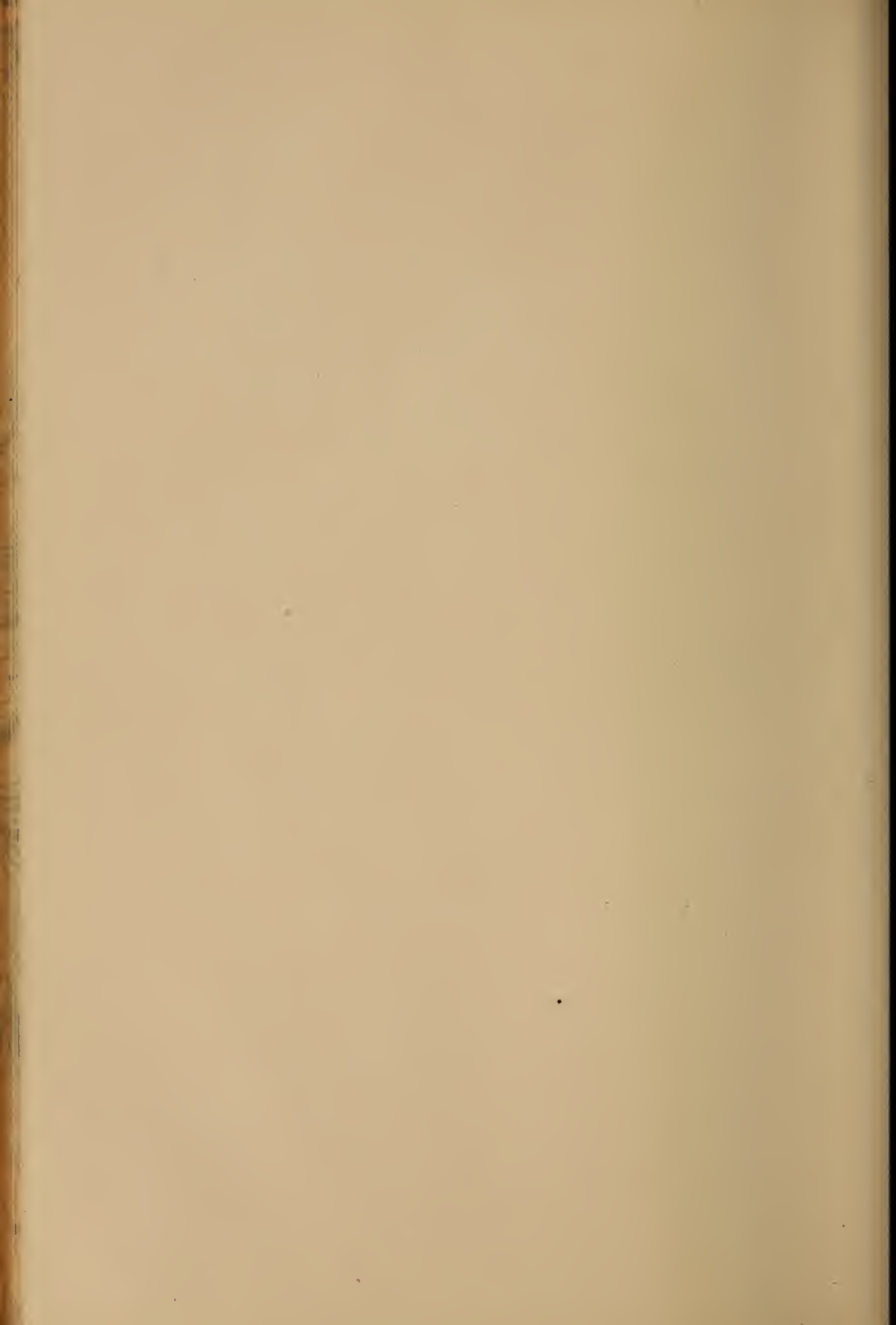
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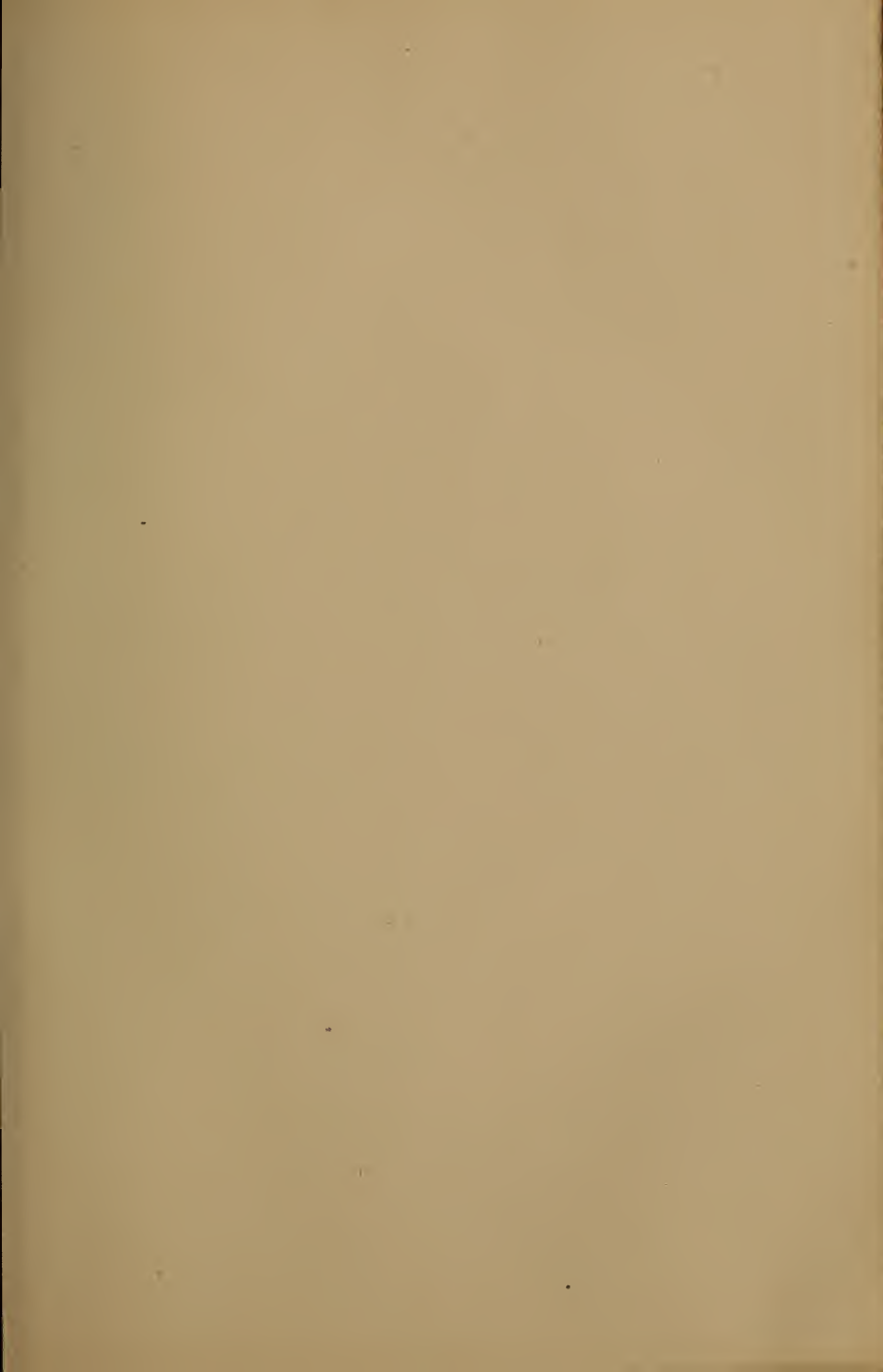
DISTANCES FROM MANSFIELD.

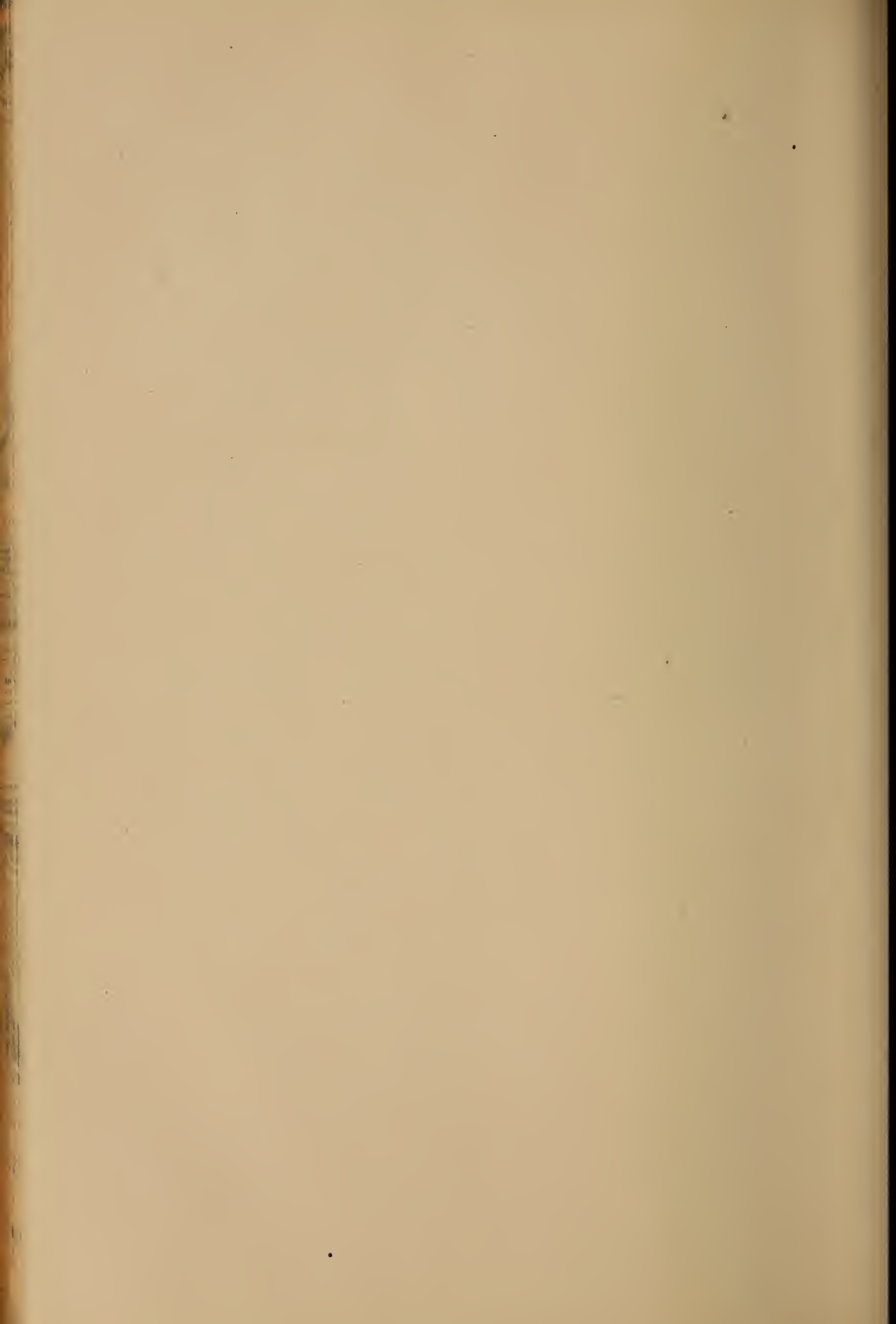
Clumber	12 Miles
Thoresby	10 ditto
Rufford	10 ditto
Newstead Abbey	6 ditto
Welbeck	10 ditto
Hardwick	8 ditto
Bolsover	9 ditto
Nottingham	14 ditto
Southwell	12 ditto
Chesterfield	12 ditto
Alfreton	9 ditto
Worksop	12 ditto
Ollerton	10 ditto

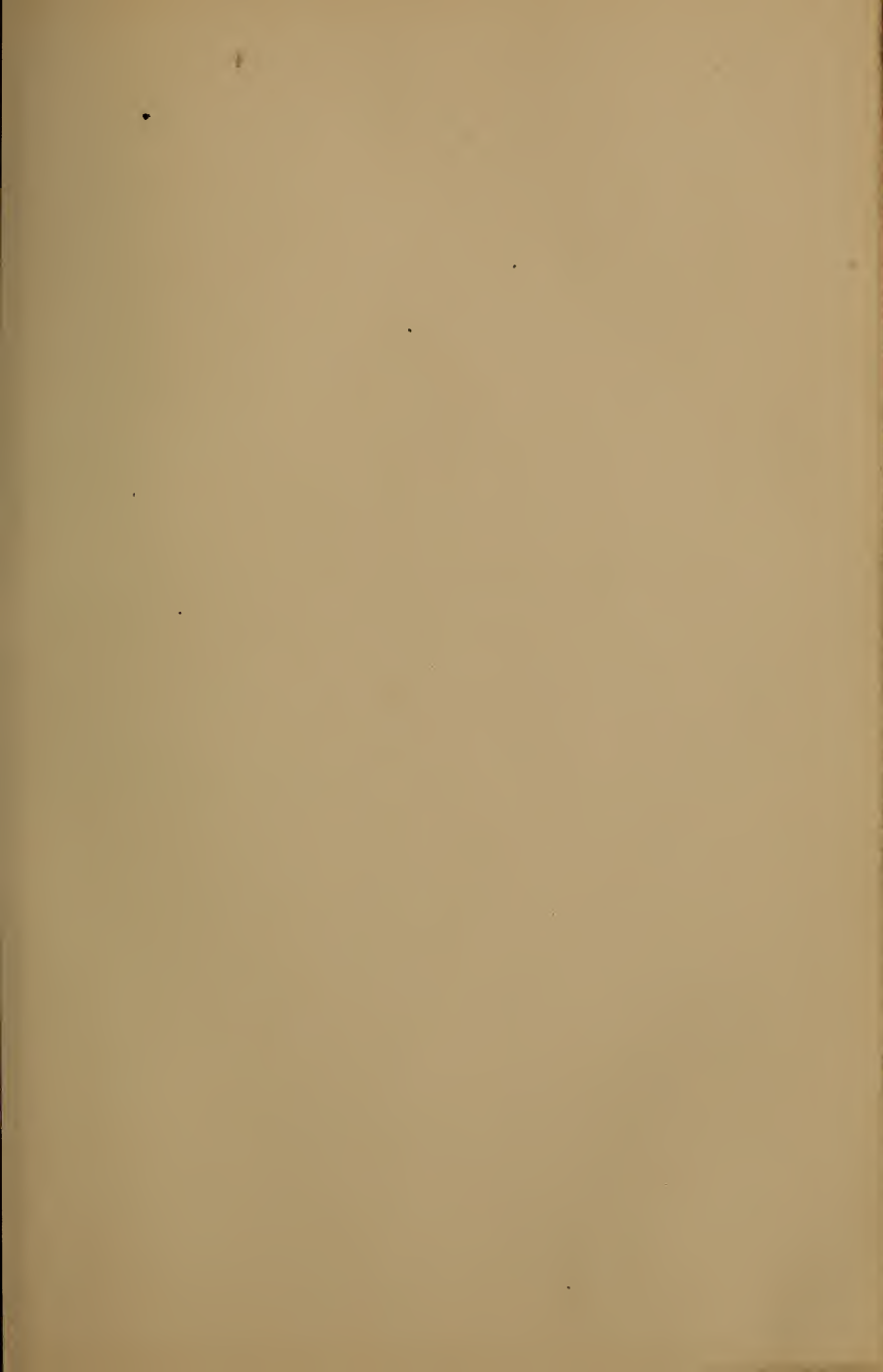


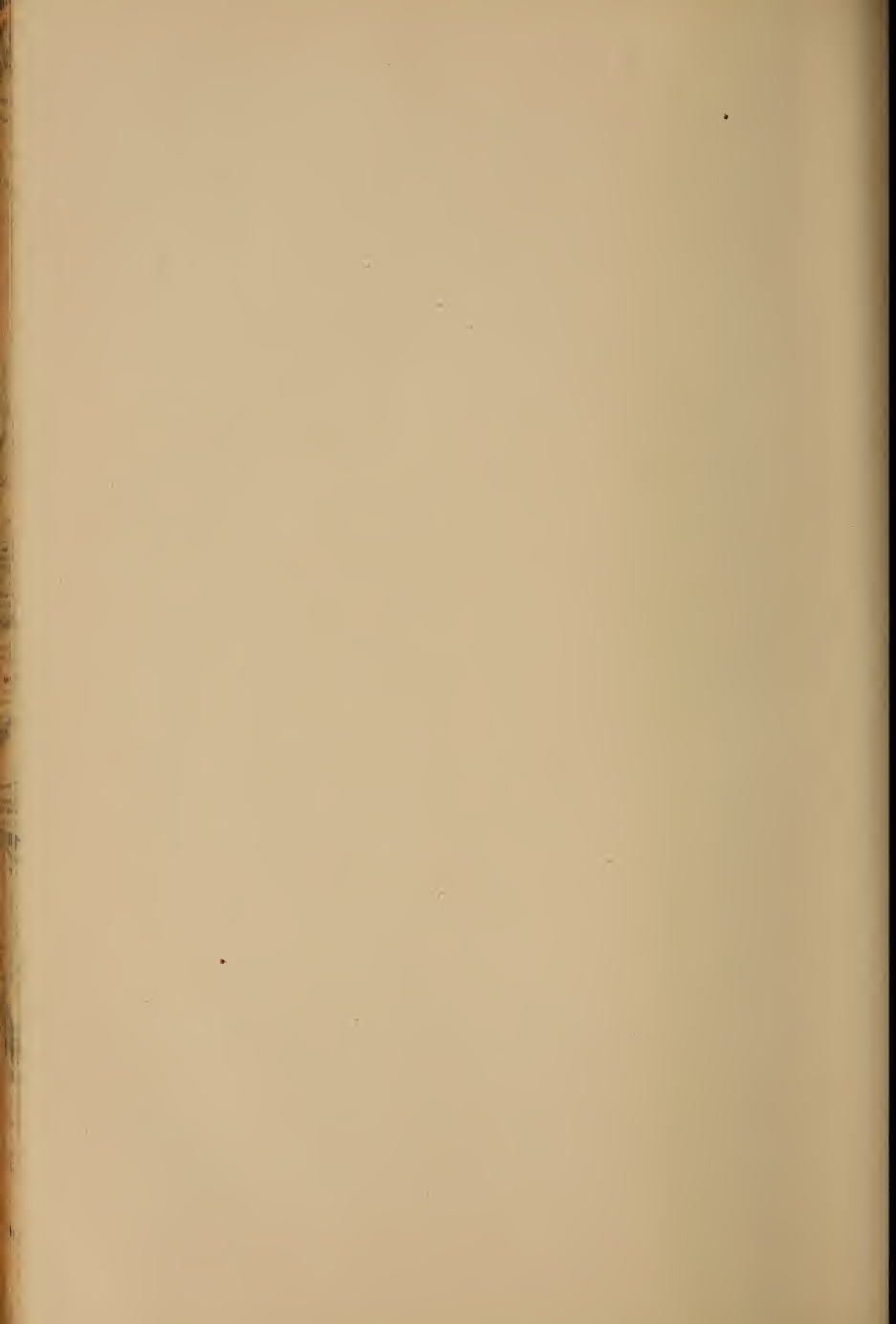


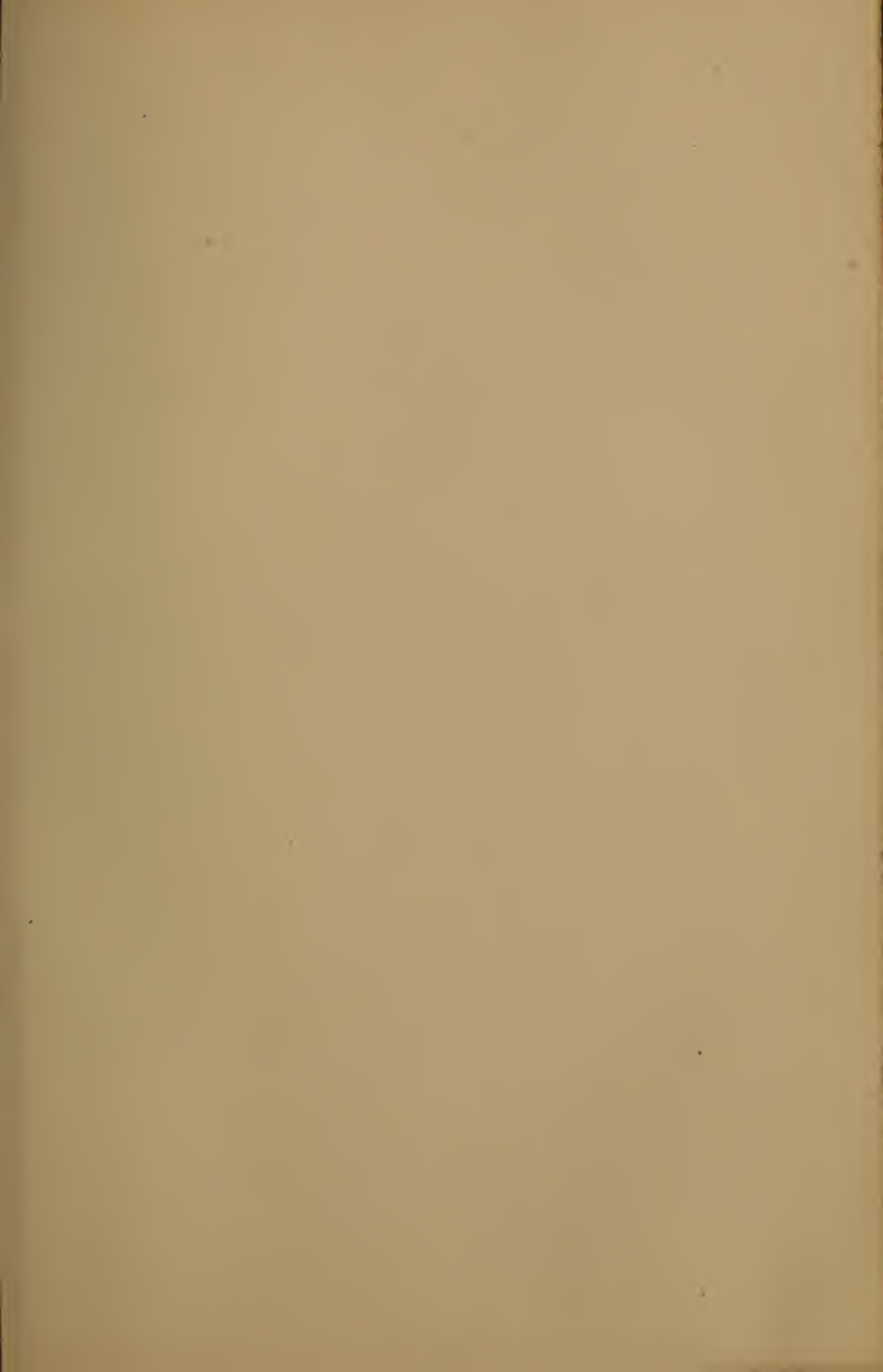


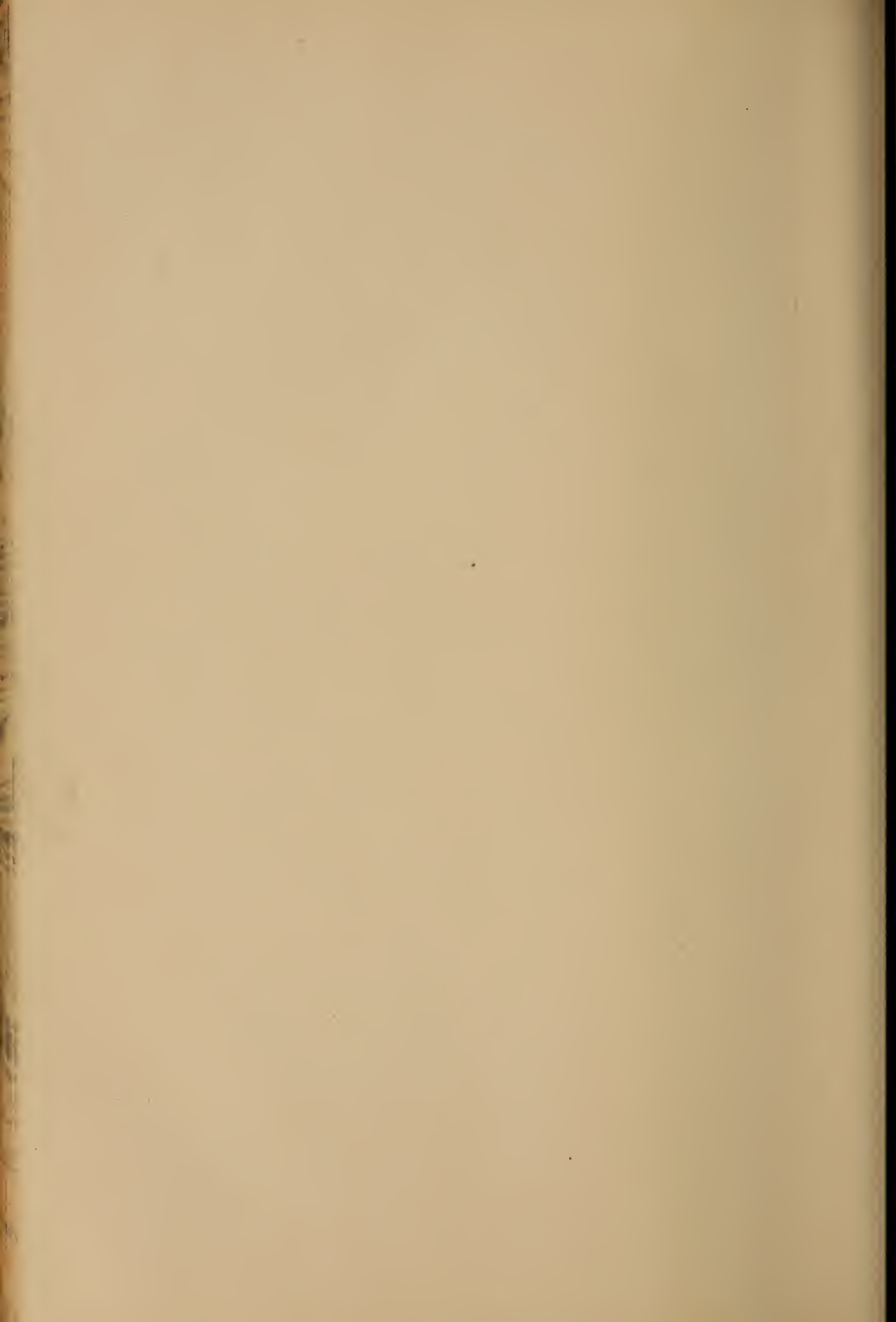


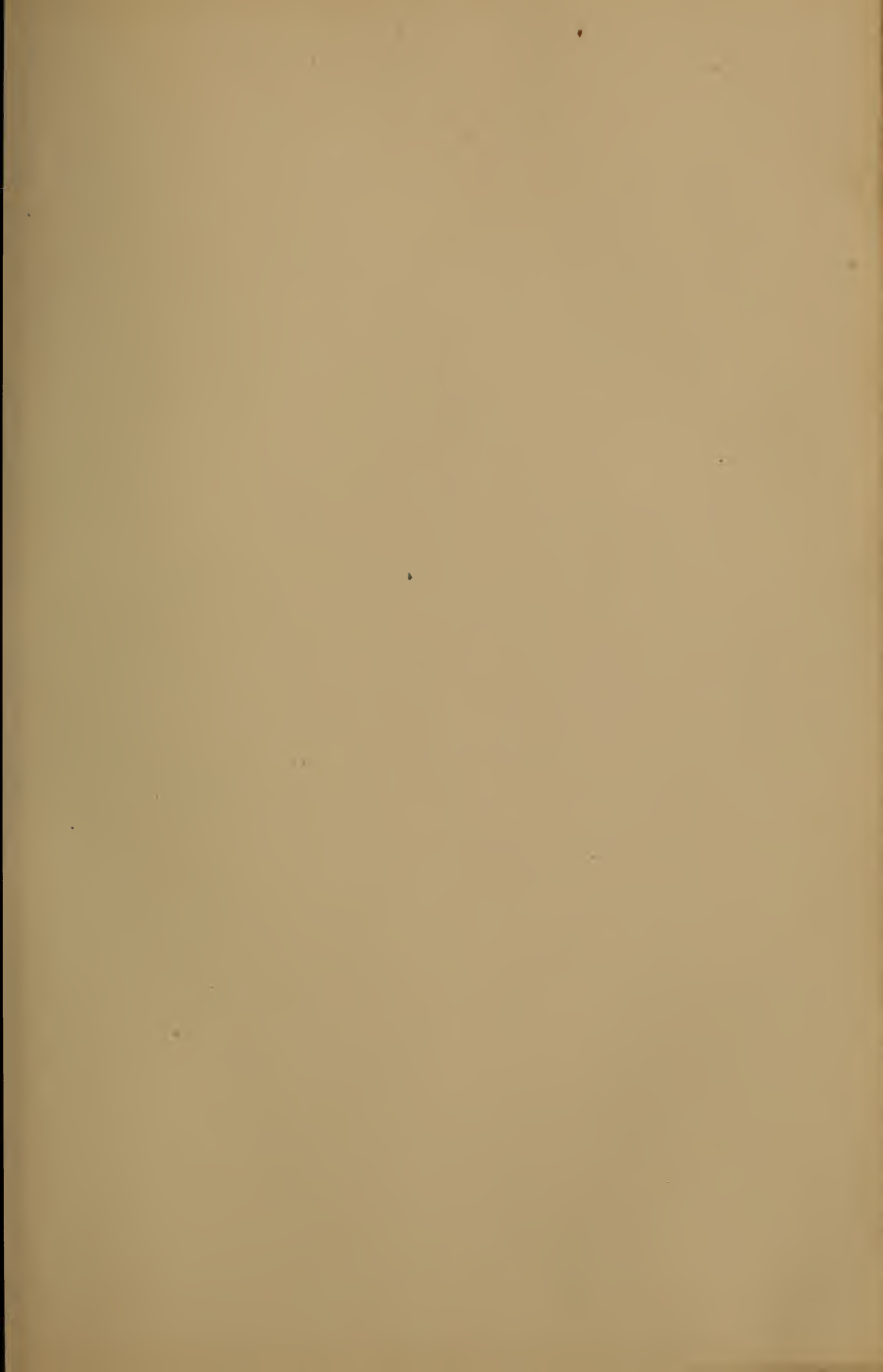


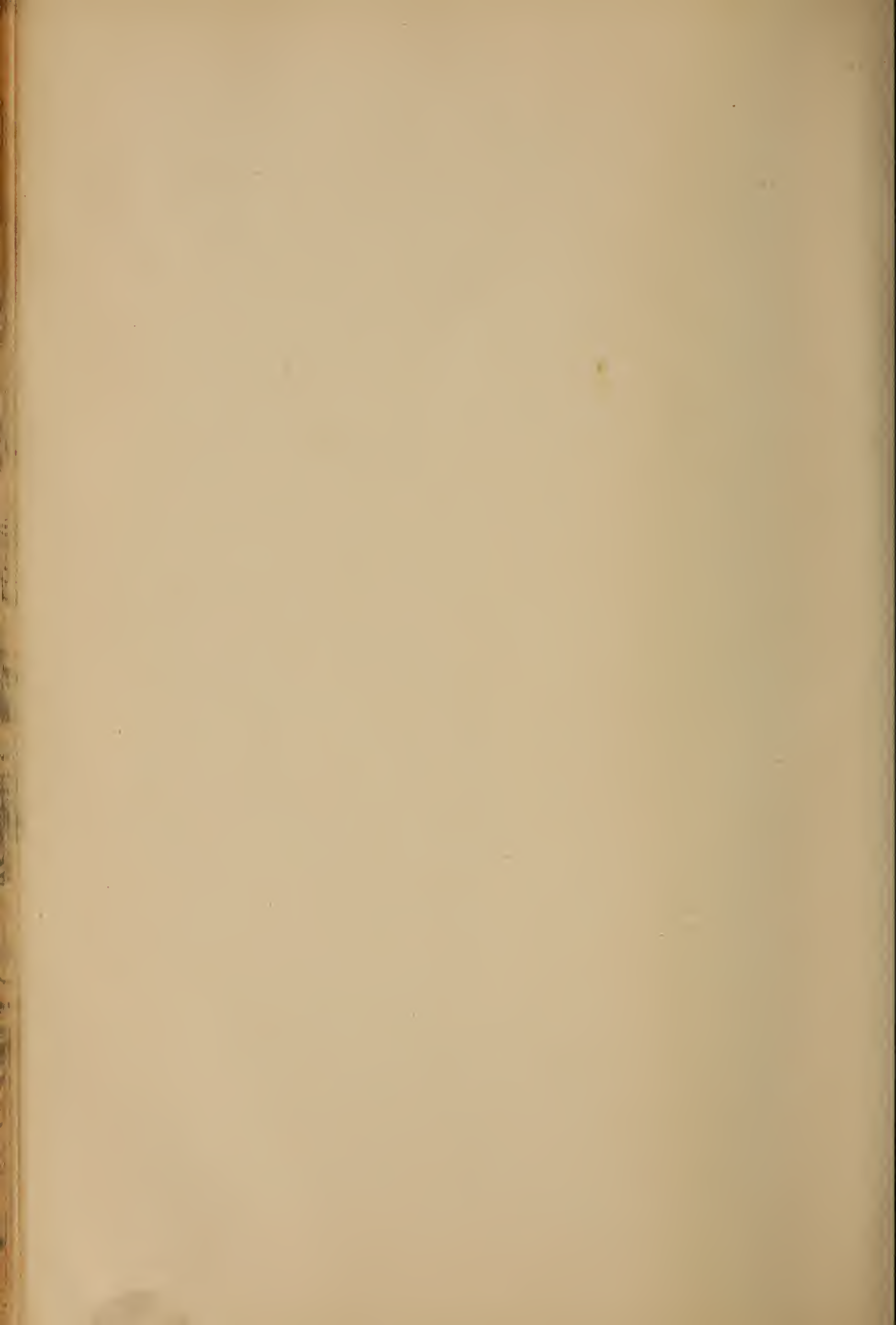




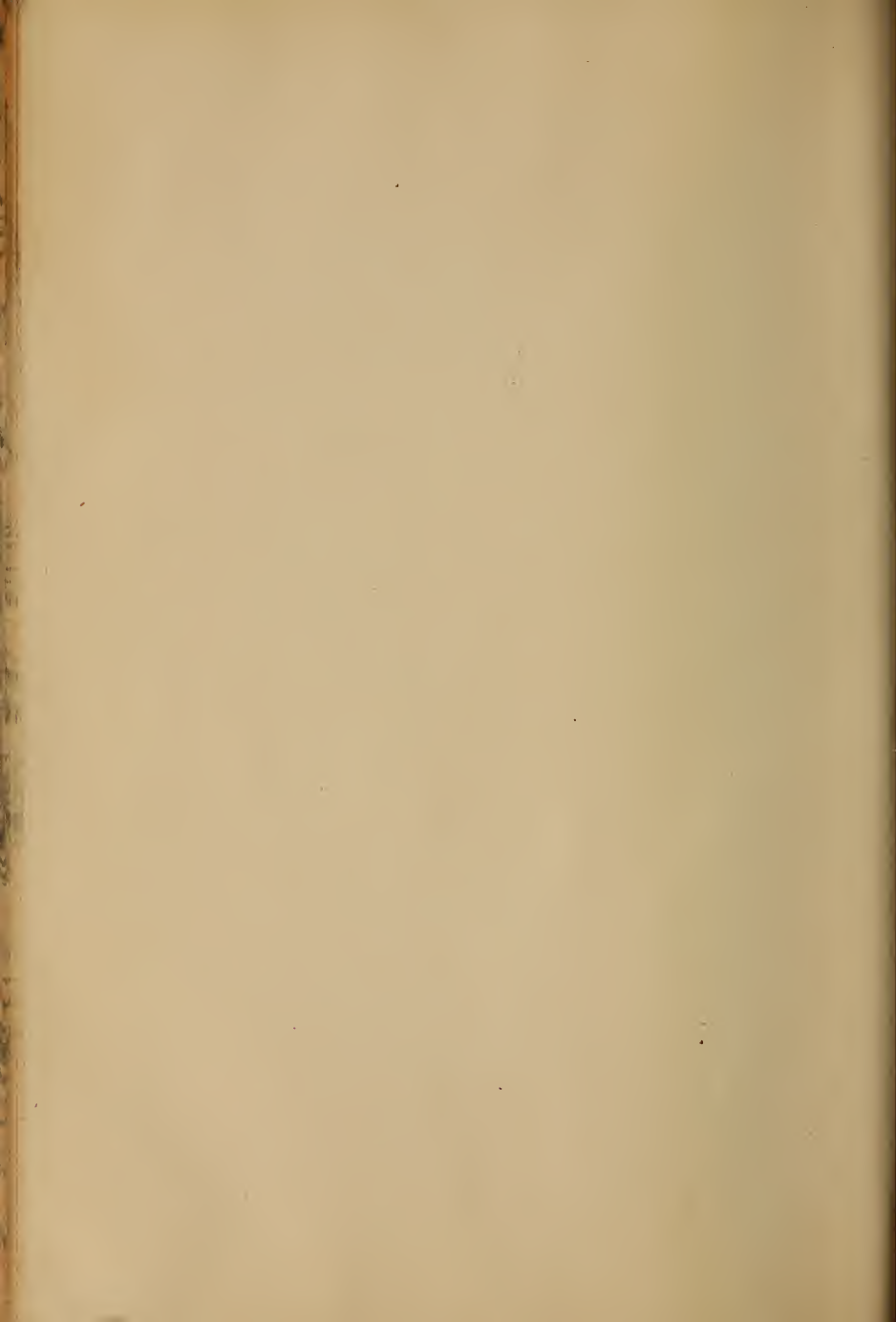


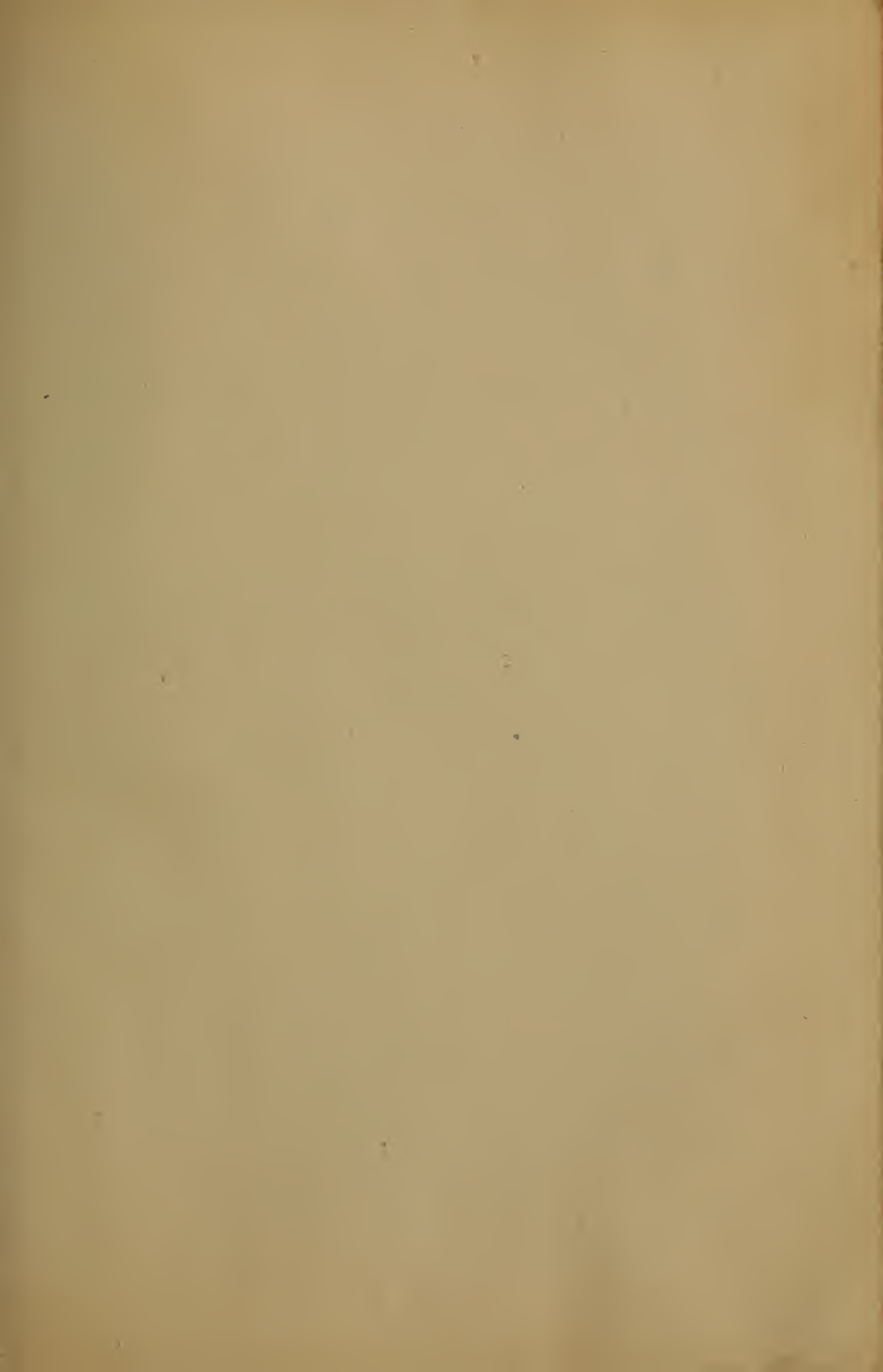




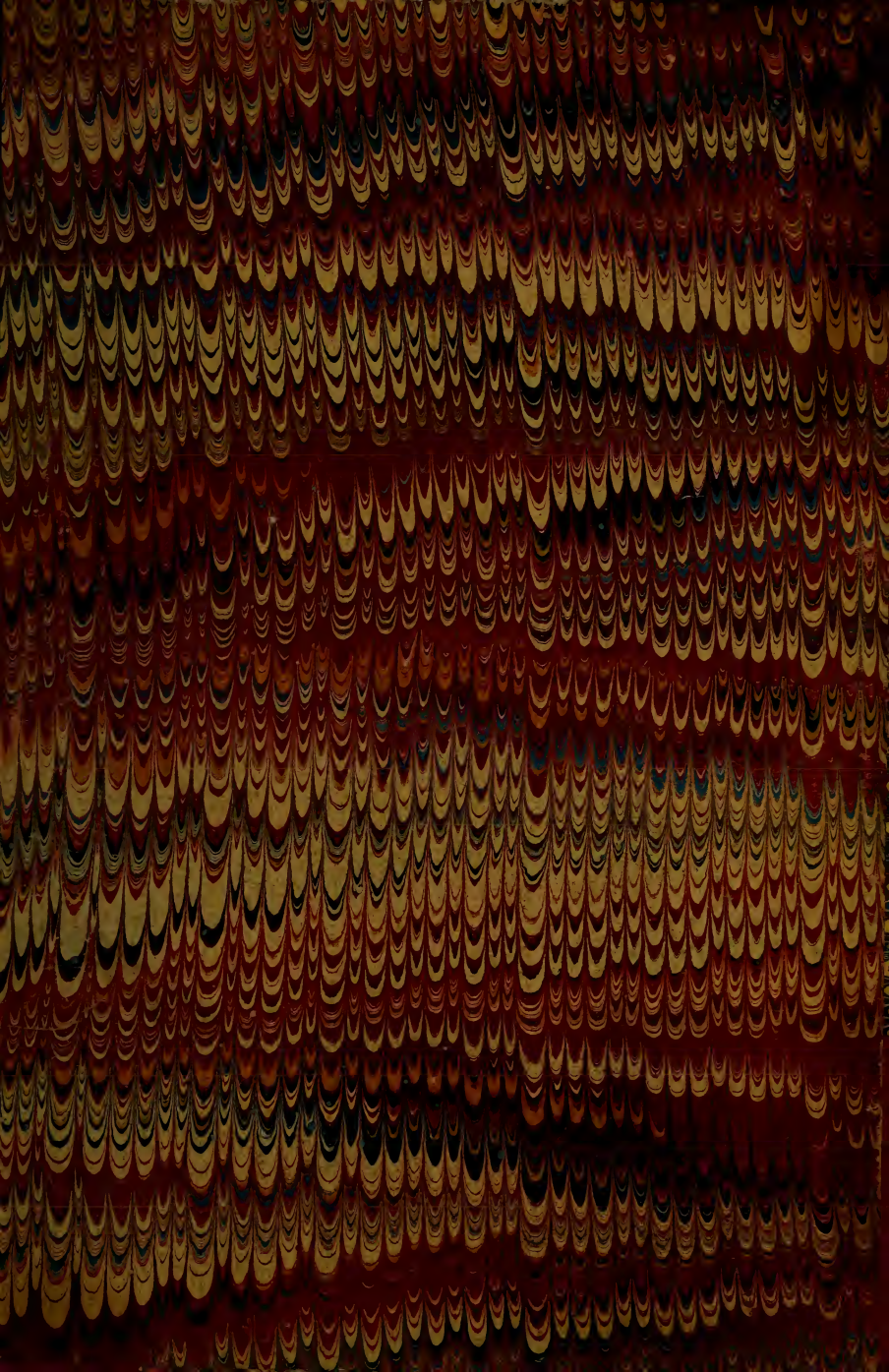












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